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No. 42 November '58

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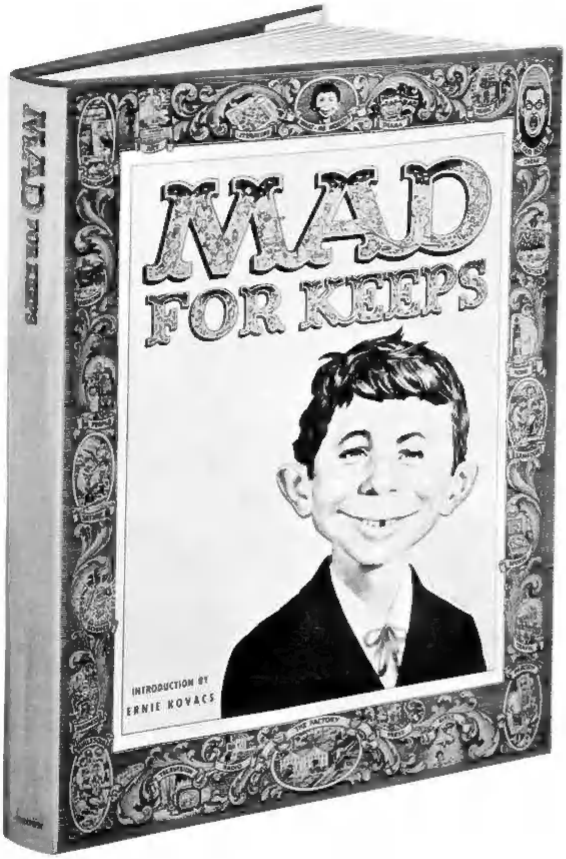

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(and discover how lucky you were!)

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from

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  . . . to turn inside out for camouflage!
- **An introduction by Ernie Kovacs**
  . . . to tell you why you're crazy to go on!
- **16 pages in vivid color**
  . . . to rot your mind and ruin your eyes!
- **A total of 128 pages of unforgettable articles**
  . . . that got us into the most trouble!

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*This material originally appeared in **MAD** Magazines through 1956, and has never before been reprinted in any form. Published by Crown Publishers, Inc., N. Y.

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MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPT.
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

Rush my copy of "MAD For Keeps"! I want to discover how lucky I was! I enclose $2.95, which also happens to be the retail price in book stores. Already I can see I'm not so lucky!

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NUMBER 42 NOVEMBER 1958

MAD

"Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels so good!"
Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **ASST. ART DIR.:** Sheila Lynch **IDEAS:** Jerry De Fuccio
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WAR CORRESPONDENT: Pvt. Nick Megliola

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**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—November 1958, Volume 1, Number 42, is published monthly except January, April, July and October, by E. C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U. S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1958 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U. S. A.

VITAL FEATURES

MAD'S 1958 FOOTBALL PREVIEW . . . 6

MAD's consistent record for picking All-American grid-greats is maintained this year as, once again, we miss every selection.

DON MARTIN 11

Once again, **MAD**'s maddest artist gives us a glimpse into his own private world, and once again makes us so happy it remains private.

I'M FIVE! 15

For this article in which Danny Kaye plays a five-year-old so well, we gave him what would please any little boy, mainly peanuts.

MAD'S 25¢ CHILDREN'S BOOKS 20

MAD attempts to fill a void between today's 25¢ children's books and 25¢ adult books, and ends up with an article to avoid.

SICK, SICK, SICK 24

Jules Feiffer will surely be Sick, Sick, Sick, when he discovers that we have reprinted 4 cartoons from his new book by that name.

CREDITS FOR THE COMMON MAN . . 30

An article which suggests that we give credit where credit is due to common people! And besides, it's cheaper than giving money!

SCENES WE NEVER GOT TO SEE 40

Movie scenes that end up on the cutting room floor are shown in this article, which will probably end up in a similar location.

COLLEGE CATALOGUE 45

A Bulletin listing all the courses offered by Alfred E. Neuman University, so you clods going to other schools will feel better.

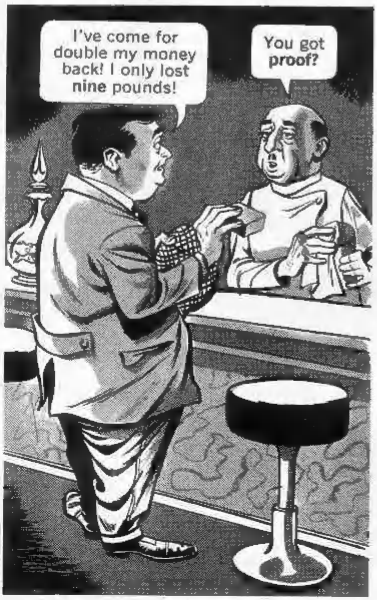
RUSH RIGHT OUT DEPT.

The other night, while we were listening to the guy on TV who's always warning you to "never ask for aspirin alone . . . always ask for it by name!",

WHAT IF YOU DID WHAT

"STOP IN AT YOUR DEALER AND ASK FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION RIDE . . ."

"IF YOU DON'T LOSE TEN POUNDS IN TEN DAYS, YOUR PHARMACIST WILL CHEERFULLY REFUND

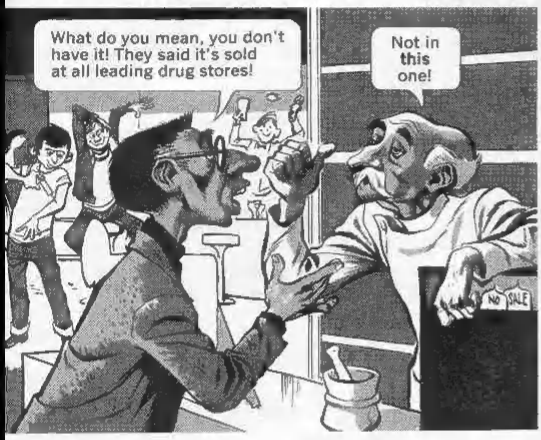


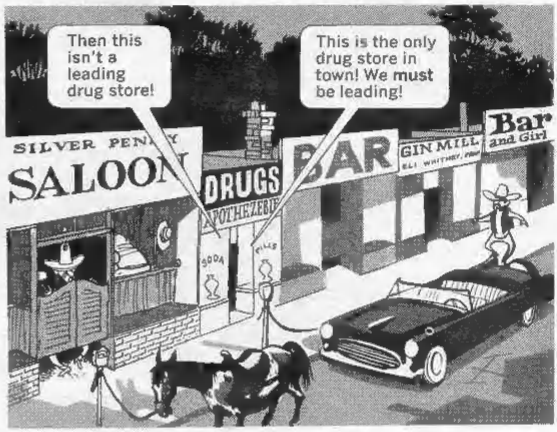
we got to thinking. And then, we came up with these four dramatic moments, which clearly answered the question that we were thinking about. Namely . . .

THEY TOLD YOU ON TV?

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

"YOU'LL FIND IT SOLD AT ALL LEADING DRUG STORES . . ."





DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK . . ."

**Musicians went to *Eight Bar Rest*

"TELL THEM GROUCHO SENT YOU . . ."

WHY GO HUNTING FOR EVERY ISSUE OF MAD

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE FOR $2.00

And there's nothing fishy about the price . . . because you save 25¢ on 9 big issues! What is fishy . . . is them 9 big issues!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, New York

I don't want to go hunting for each issue of **MAD** any more! Please enter my name as a subscriber. I enclose $2.00. Now this leaves me free to go hunting for **you** guys!

NAME _____

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MAD T-SHIRTS

Thanks to your MAD T-Shirts, I am now going steady . . . with the only kind of female that would *wear* one . . . a female gorilla!

Preston Kohn
Philadelphia, Pa.

I took my girl to a movie in my MAD T-Shirt, and not only did everybody else leave, but my girl left too. Thanks.

Tony Freedman
Bronx, N. Y.

I dreamed I saw triple in my MAD T-Shirt.

Mrs. W. D. Peckham
Mt. Lakes, N. J.

Pic above, sent in by Mrs. Peckham, shows exactly why she saw triple! —Ed.

When I sent my $1.25 for that MAD T-Shirt, I figured it would be a gag. Imagine my surprise when, a week later, it actually came in the mail. Boy, did *I* gag! Seriously, though, it is a great shirt. I've worn it to school twice, and it's really interesting the way perfect strangers come up to you in the hall and greet you with such comments as: "Ecccchhh!"

Eliot A. Kohen
Aurora, Colo.

WHO'S WHO?

Once and for all, which one is Nick Megliola and which is Jerry De Fuccio in the T-Shirt ads. Not that it matters. Just send them both. We'll pay postage.

Linda, Gail, and Barbara
New York City

In this issue, Jerry is the "mad doctor," and Nick is the "monster." Incidentally, if you read the staff-listings on page 1, you'll see Nick listed as "War Correspondent." This is no gag. Our boy was drafted and left for the army last June 29th. So Sgt. Bilko better watch out! —Ed.

REFRESHING

It is refreshing to find, in this age of much trashy writing, a magazine for Teen-Agers that is really humorous in a wholesome way. Keep up the good work.

H. W. Hightower
Assistant Professor
Butler University
Indianapolis, Ind.

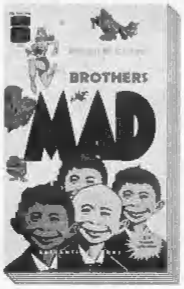
BEST DEPARTMENT

Your "TV Scenes We'd Like To See" is the best department in the magazine. You show how bad TV really is and how corny the shows are. Congratulations!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
(New York City)

POCKET-SIZED FAN

The little lady reading "Inside MAD," one of our pocket-sized books of reprints, is Miss Dior Knox, of Bangor, Maine. —Ed.



REACHES NEW HEIGHTS

(We got 'em piled to the stock-room ceiling!)

THE LATEST MAD POCKET-SIZE BOOK

THE BROTHERS MAD

This fifth collection of humor, parody, satire, and garbage joins "The Mad Reader", "Mad Strikes Back!", "Inside Mad", and "Utterly Mad" in our insidious campaign to split your sides and rot your mind.

YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

THE COMPLETE COLLECTION—ALL 5—FOR $1.75

MAIL MONEY TO: MAD, POCKET DEPT., 225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

**Auto Mechanics went to Spark Gap

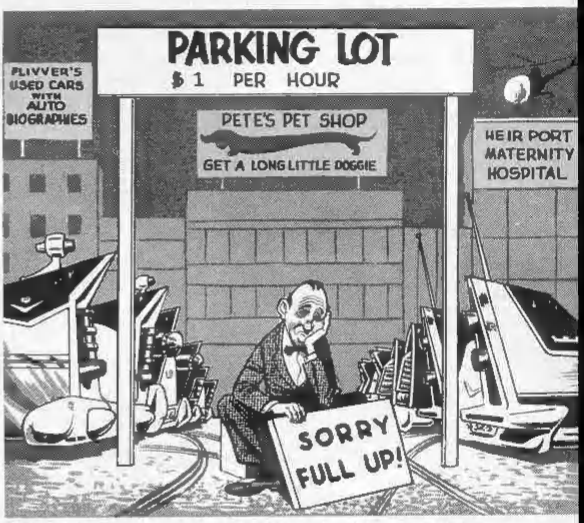
With this article MAD attempts to solve some of the problems caused by America's love for . . .

THE PROBLEMS

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

One of the biggest headaches suffered by small-minded officials is the loss of revenue caused by those big new cars which overlap the normal parking meter spaces.

There are reports filtering in from around the country concerning traffic jams caused by those extra-big cars.

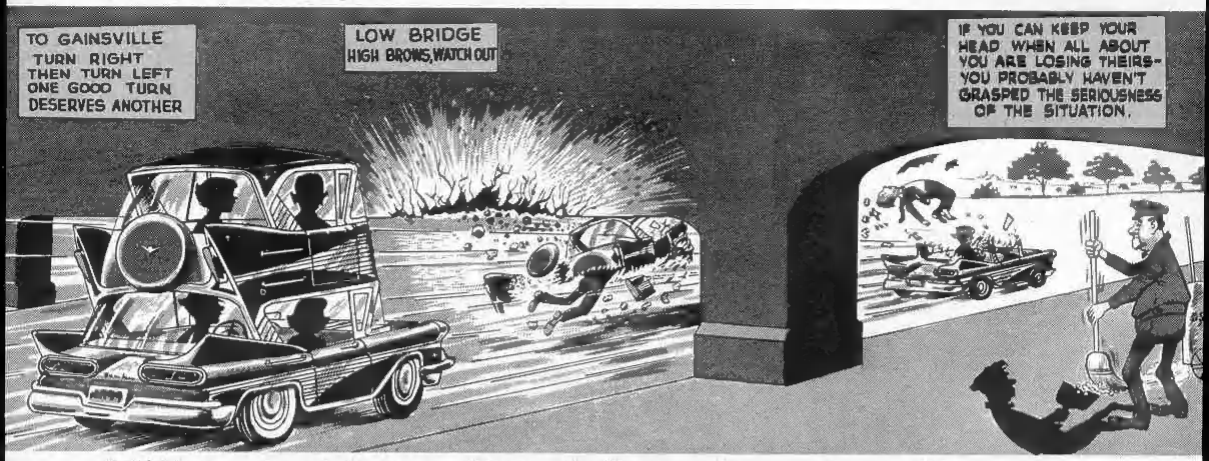


Parking lot owners are complaining that big cars reduce their parking capacities, hence their incomes, forcing many of them into putting their yachts up in moth balls.

In some towns, the traffic is so hopelessly snarled, it hasn't been able to budge an inch for months and months.

**Servants of Royalty went to the *Palisades*

THE SOLUTIONS

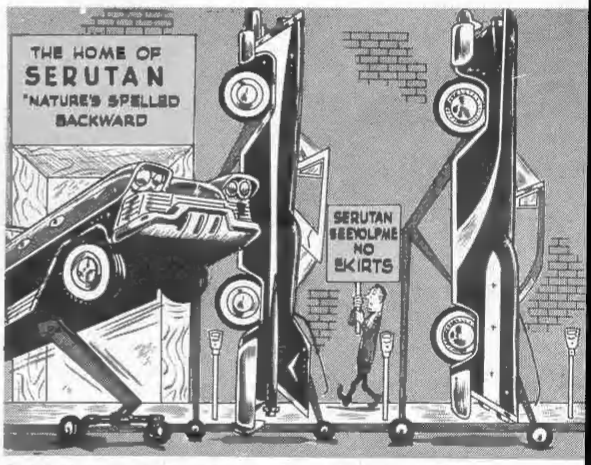


Build big cars, only vertically, not horizontally . . . double-decker style.

Of course, this will present problems when drivers come to low bridges . . .

but convertibles are nice cars, too!

Build big cars that fold up like carrier-based aircraft.



Build big cars with attachments that park them vertically.

As for those hopeless traffic jams, we suggest that City Fathers cement over them stalled big cars and start all over again.

DANNY KAYE DEPT.

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

Danny Kaye has been deservedly dubbed "The 20th Century Pied Piper", for like the Pied Piper of yore, he has captivated audiences over the years with his hilarious movies, his memorable one-man stage performances, and his delightful record albums. More important than any of these, however, to Danny, is his work for the United Nations Children's Fund, for which he serves as Ambassador-At-Large. And now, Danny Kaye delights MAD readers . . . and MAD editors as well . . . by consenting to perform a "Special Engagement", bringing along a collection of songs by the perceptive and gifted Milton Schafer; songs that embody the attitudes and amusing foibles of children Danny has come to know in all lands. Here, then, from his heart-warming new album, "Mommy, Gimme A Drinka Water" (Capitol T-937), is Danny Kaye as a proud little boy, singing . . .

I'M FIVE!

© 1957 by Frank Music Corp., 119 W. 57th Street, N.Y.C., Used with permission.

I'm five! I'm five!
I'm a big boy now, I'm five!

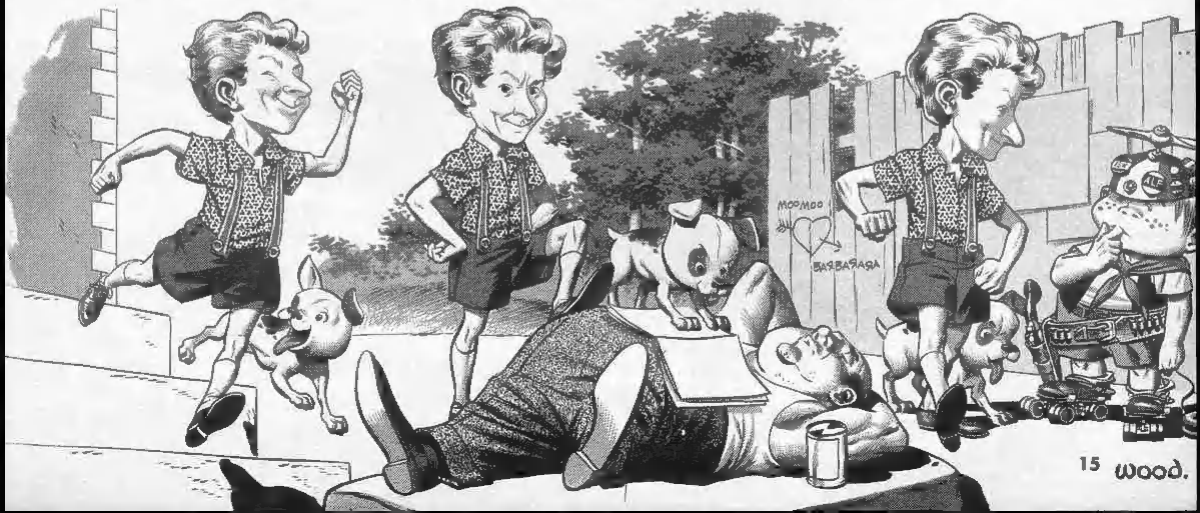
I can dress myself!
I don' need Mom t' help me anymore!

An' when I sit in my fadder's chair,
My feet c'n reach d' floor! See?

I'm five! I'm five!
Got a muscle, an' I'm five!

An' when I wrestle wit' my Uncle Nat,
Inna secon', he's onna groun'!

So Fatso Red better not get wise,
'Cause I don' fool aroun'!



 wood.

I c'n t'row dis rock a mile away!

An' kill dat rat'ulsnake!

Yuh dare me swallow my choon' gum down,
An' not get a belly ache?

An' when I got back,
D' police ast me a lotta questions!

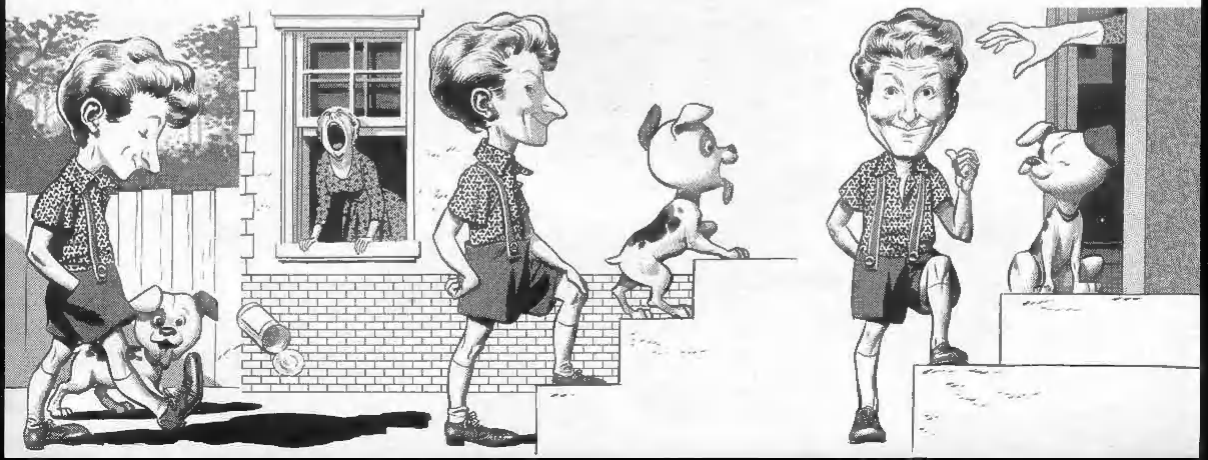
But I'm no stool pigeon!
I clammed up!

An' I walked right out on 'em!
Right across d' street!

She knows darn well I'd run away,
'Cause I'm too old fer dat!

Wha' does she t'ink, I'm t'ree?
Not *me!*

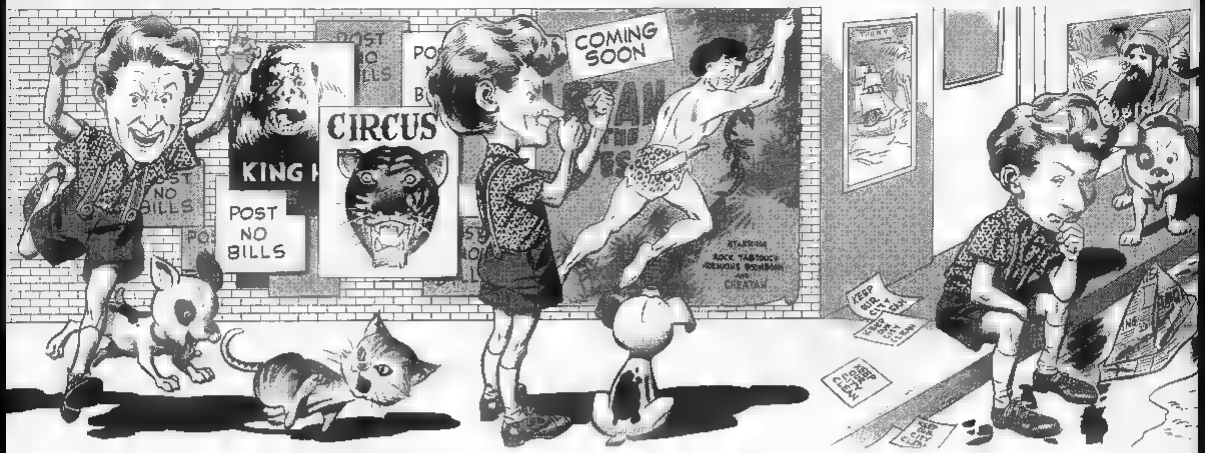
Wha' does she t'ink, I'm four?
I'm *more* den four!



When I was in d' jungle,
I frightened all d' animals!

An' even Tarzan ran a mile,
When I was king o' Cannibals!

I lived dere fer 'bout ten years!
An' den a ship foun' me!



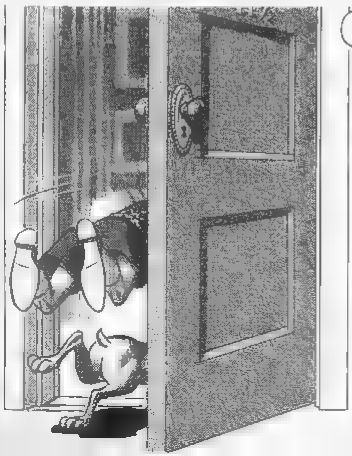
I'm *allowed!*
Y'know why?

I'm five! I'm five!
I'm a big boy now, I'm five!

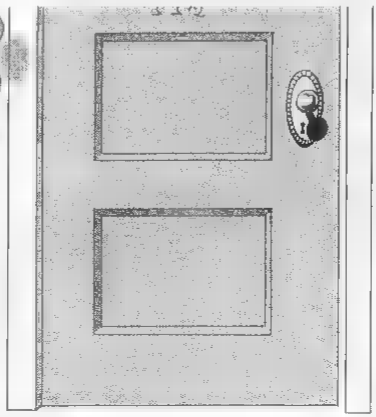
My mudder dasn't spank me
Jus' fer goin' wit'out a hat!

"Has-been Movie Actors went to Turkan Boy

I'm even more den four an' a *half!*



I'm F I V E!



December 12th!

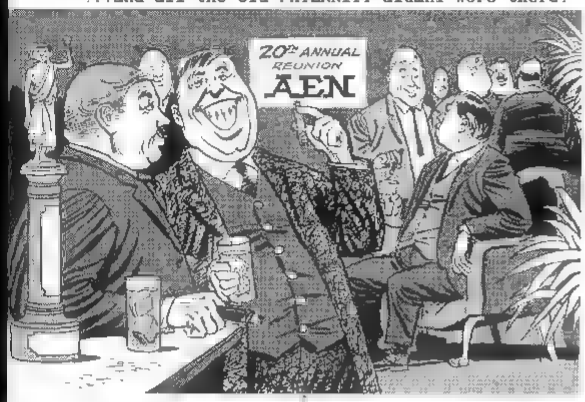
E BEFORE I EXCEPT AFTER Q DEPT.

Our Continuety Editer, who also proofreeds the magizine becawse of his ecstensive knowlege of spelling, has maid the obsivation

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

not-so-far-from-wrong

"...and all the old FATERNITY alumni were there."



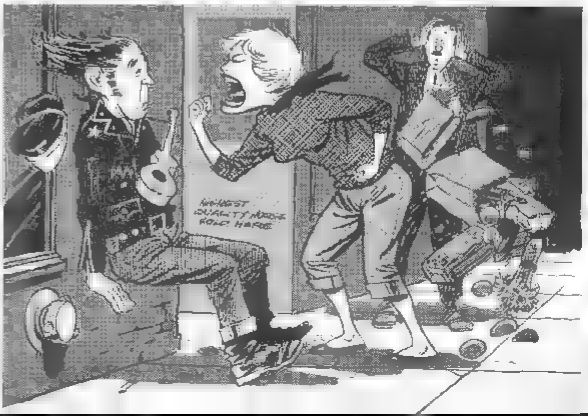
"I took my boss to dinner and a show RESENTLY."

"...the Congressman introduced a TARRIFIC idea."

"He UPPRAISED the ring for my insurance policy."

"...since he was always a HYPOSENSITIVE person."

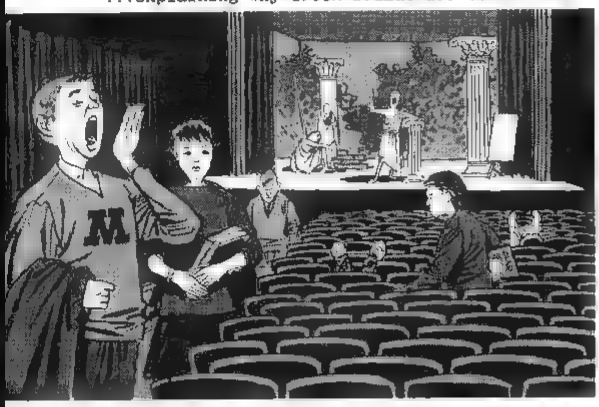
"...when he whistled, she gave a CURSERY glance."



that some of the misteaks he comes accross reed better then if they were corect. For instence, take a look at the foulowing . . .

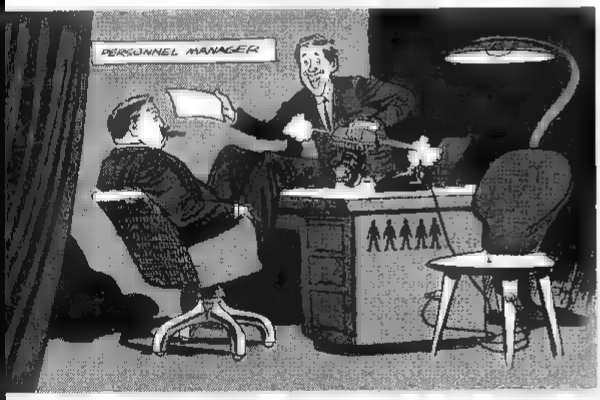
SPELLING ERRORS

"...explaining why Greek Dramas are so EXITING."

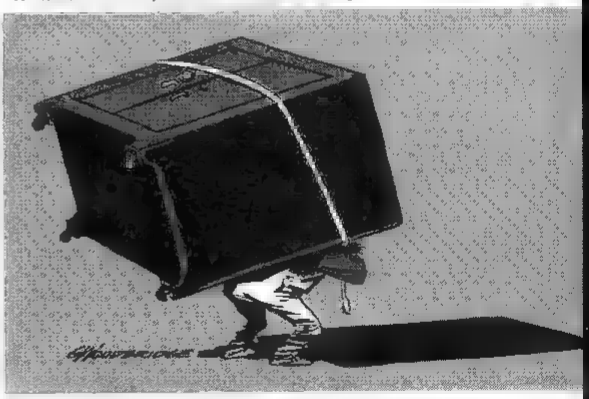


"...the G.I. was then EXCUSSED by the sergeant."

"...when the clerk was APPLING for a better job."

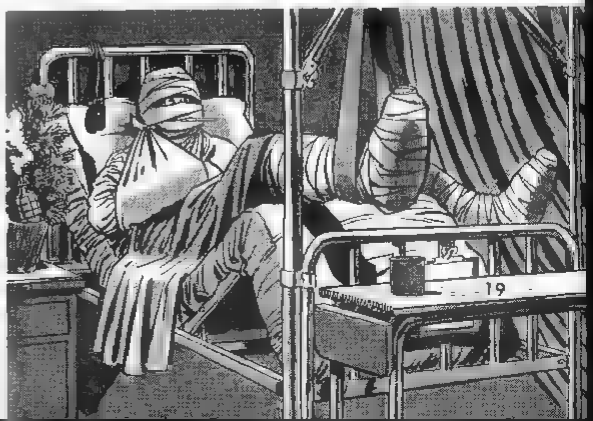


"A hard worker, John was certainly TRUSSWORTHY."



"She is always boasting about her happy MARRAGE,

...and her husband agrees that it's WOUNDERFUL."

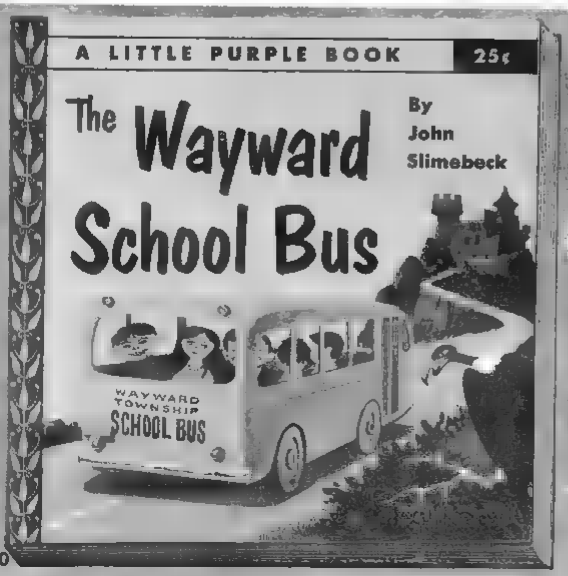


A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES DEPT.

MAD's Educational Council, composed of all staff members who can read, has just issued his annual report, viewing with alarm the state of children's books in America today. As the Council sees it, the two-bit books offered to moppets fall far short of preparing the younger set for the two-bit adult books they'll be reading in a few years. So, to bridge this gap in subject matter, MAD has rushed the following volumes into print. Now parents can

PREPARE KIDS FOR READING 25c ADULT BOOKS WITH THESE...

MARJORIE was spoiled rotten—always had been. She was only half-Siamese, and half-Goodness-knows-what. But she had a way about her.



EVERY day, Mr. Furd drove the dilapidated old school bus up from San Pedro, through the Sierra Pass, down into Bad Water Flat, and on to the ancient school house at Yucca.

Mr. Furd was a kindly bus driver. Bent, dirty, slobbering, senile, yellow-toothed, leering and snappish—but kindly.

25¢ MAD CHILDREN'S BOOKS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

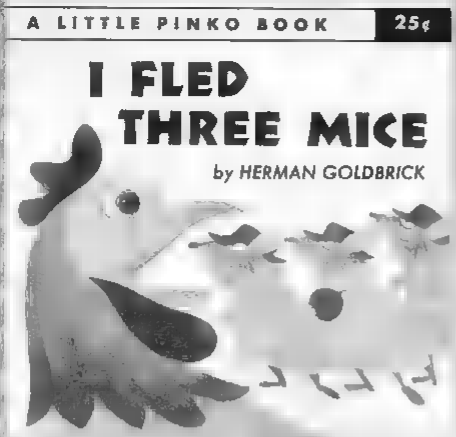
I guess you'd say she had class. She rode a horse like she was born to the saddle. She had a way of lapping milk that seemed to drive tom cats wild. And she was housebroken. Goodness knows, she was housebroken.

The finest training schools had taken care of that. They had taken a kitten and given her the confidence of a full-grown cat. Only Marjorie knew that she was a phony—she and the elevator boy at the swanky East side apartment where she lived. After all, he had seen her come in time after time at all hours of the night with her whiskers unkempt and reeking of catnip

**Movie Ushers went to Toowanda Isle

Billy and Sue liked Mr. Furd. Every day, they would get on the dilapidated old school bus and say, "Good Morning, Mr. Furd." Billy and Sue were cheerful children. Grubby, emaciated, unwashed, retarded and with a look of pathos in their eyes—but cheerful.

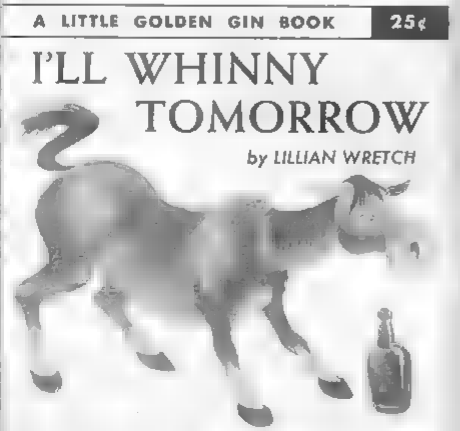
One day, the dilapidated old school bus broke down halfway between Bad Water Flat and Sierra Pass. While they waited for kindly Mr. Furd to repair it, Billy and Sue cast covetous glances at each other. Then, carefully, so as not to attract the attention of that frowsy blonde-haired 10 year old girl who always seemed to see everything, they made their way

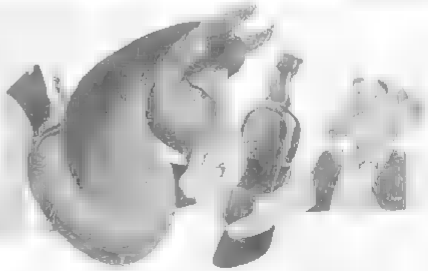


THE Party's code name for me was "The Little Red Hen." I have to cackle when I think about it, for little did the comrades realize that I was really a Counter-Espionage Agent for the United States Leghorn Association. In those many hectic months, I also led a third life . . . that of a commonplace barnyard fowl at the Happy Valley Farm near Reading, Pennsylvania.

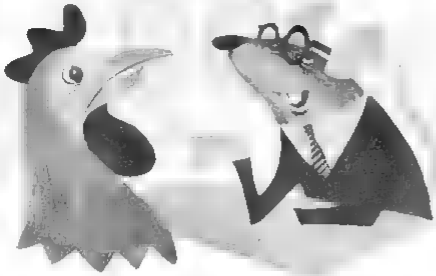
FIREMAN Jones was one of the "bright young men" of the department. Not that he wanted to be. In fact, he'd fought against it hard. He didn't want to become just another smiling, martini drinking "yes" man like all the others who seemed to be stamped from the same mold in their red flannel union suits.

**Divorcees went to *Sufficient Grounds*



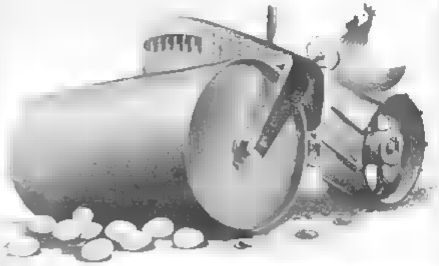


FOUR years ago, I had it made. I was a policeman's horse, then, one of New York's finest. I thought fermented oats were something I could take or leave alone. I never dreamed that a terrible, insatiable craving for them would drive me to the very gates of the glue factory.



It was on the night of July 14, 1937, that I received my first party assignment. Comrade George made contact with me, and ordered me to sabotage a load of eggs leaving the farm next morning.

A million thoughts raced through my mind. How could I tip off the Leghorn Association in time? Would I be able to carry out this assignment? Or would I turn chicken? Suddenly, I felt just like a dumb cluck, fearful that I would lay an egg in the



**Watchmakers went to *Maine Springs*

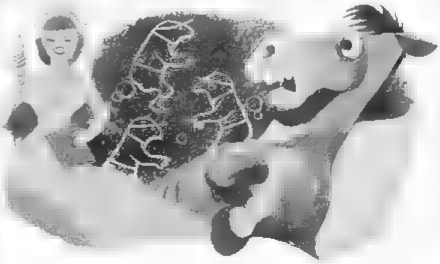
But he felt himself getting more and more like all the others. Riding on the hook-and-ladder, he often found himself wondering how he could hypo that small blaze they were headed for into a five-alarmer. Once, he even caught himself handing a hose nozzle to another fireman with the stock saying, "Let's try this one on for size!"

One day, Fireman Jones was playing checkers when the Commissioner, the phoniest of the phony, called him into the main office.

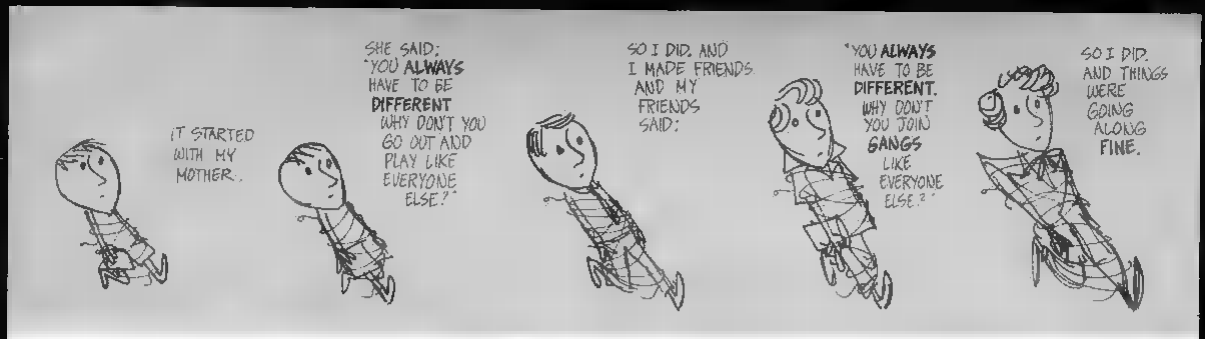
"Jones", the Commissioner barked, "I've got an idea I'd like to toss off the building and see if you can catch it in your net!"

Fireman Jones knew it had something to do with the sharp decrease in bonfires lately. He wanted to get up and leave . . . to tell the Commissioner to go

Oh sure, I called in sick once in a while after I'd had one feed bag too many. But there wasn't a nag on the force who didn't blow herself to a good time now and then.



But soon, it wasn't just once in a while that I was missing work. Day after day, I sought oblivion, too looped to stagger out of my stall. Where else could it end except in a Horse Doctor's Drunk Tank, sweating out the D.T.'s, seeing pink jockeys in purple silks running across the walls and over



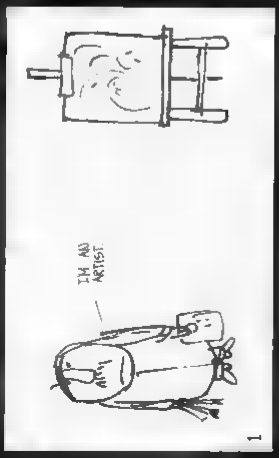
OUT OF THE FREUD AND INTO THE FEIFFER DEPT.

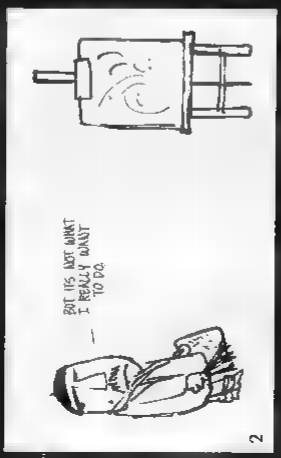
Two years ago, ■ talented young artist named Jules Feiffer began contributing cartoons to "The Village Voice," ■ weekly newspaper circulated in New York's Greenwich Village. Almost immediately, we, along with thousands of others, became confirmed Jules Feiffer fans. We even invited Jules to contribute to MAD. But he wouldn't have anything to do with us! So, sneaky devils that we are, we got the rights from his publishers to reprint the following hilarious strips from his new book, ■ collection of his best work called . . .

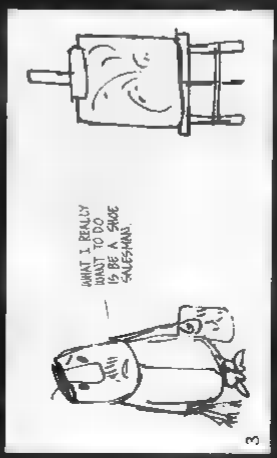
SICK SICK SICK

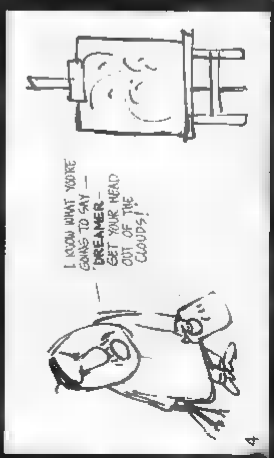
Reprinted by permission of McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc. from SICK, SICK, SICK by Jules Feiffer. © 1956, 1957, 1958 by Jules Feiffer

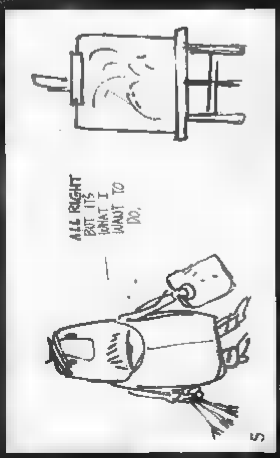
**Elevator Operators went to Upsam Downs

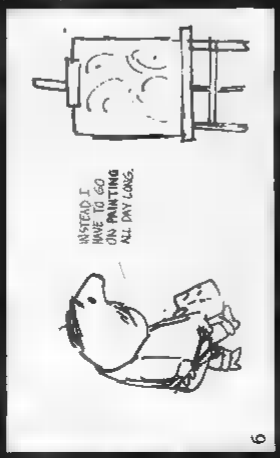


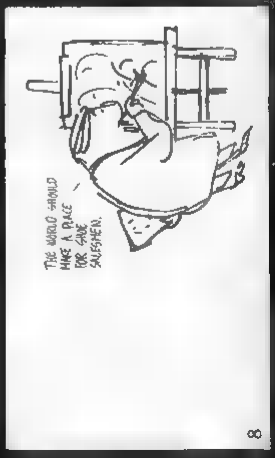












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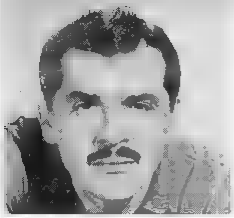


ERNIE KOVACS DEPT.

**Mayors went to Lake Ornerstone

Strangely Believe It!

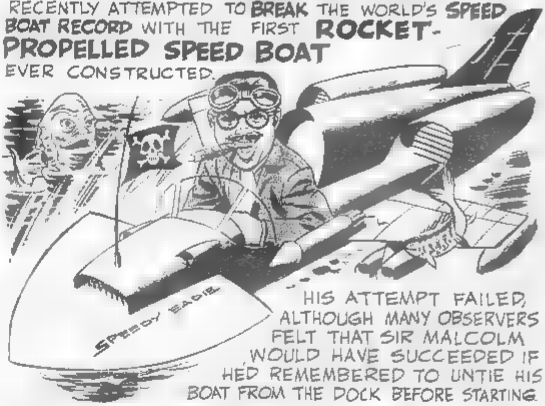
PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

ONLY ONE MAN IN THE WORLD, **DR. SIDNEY KLUTZ** EVER VISITED THE TINY MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF **OONAMDEDAM** IN THE **HIMALAYAS** AND **LIVED** TO **TELL ABOUT IT!**

ANYBODY ELSE WHO VISITED THERE WAS SO DISGUSTED WITH THE PLACE THEY NEVER DISCUSSED IT.

SIR MALCOLM CRANSHAW

NOTED BOAT BUILDER AND RACER, RECENTLY ATTEMPTED TO **BREAK** THE WORLD'S **SPEED BOAT RECORD** WITH THE FIRST **ROCKET-PROPELLED SPEED BOAT** EVER CONSTRUCTED.



HIS ATTEMPT FAILED, ALTHOUGH MANY OBSERVERS FELT THAT SIR MALCOLM WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED IF HE'D REMEMBERED TO UNTIE HIS BOAT FROM THE DOCK BEFORE STARTING.

AN EXTREMELY **ODD CIRCUMSTANCE OCCURRED** ■ BUFFALO, N.Y. ON OCT. 8, 1957, WHEN **THOMAS R. GRUNCH**, A LOCAL BANKER, ACTUALLY

ATTENDED HIS OWN FUNERAL!

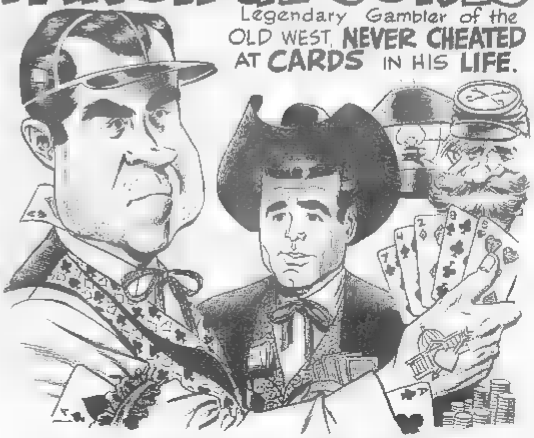
UNFORTUNATELY, GRUNCH COULD NOT ENJOY IT, AS HE WAS DEAD AT THE TIME.

DYLAN SMETNIK

The POET LAUREATE of Bergen County, N.J. INSISTED THAT **EVERY LINE OF POETRY** HE'D **EVER WRITTEN** BE **BURIED WITH HIM** WHEN HE **DIED!** Smetnik was amazed when everyone agreed with him.

FANCIFUL JONES

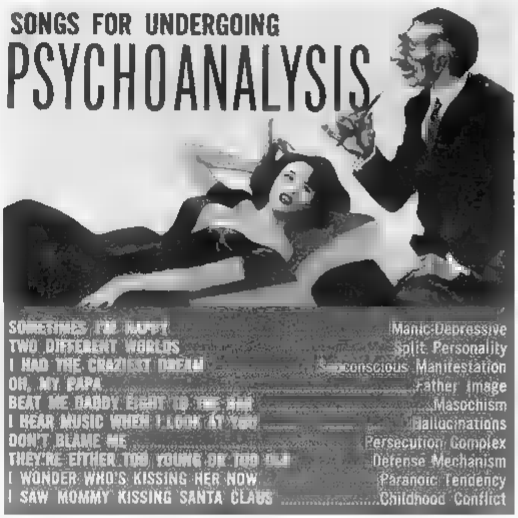
Legendary Gambler of the OLD WEST, **NEVER CHEATED AT CARDS** IN HIS **LIFE.**

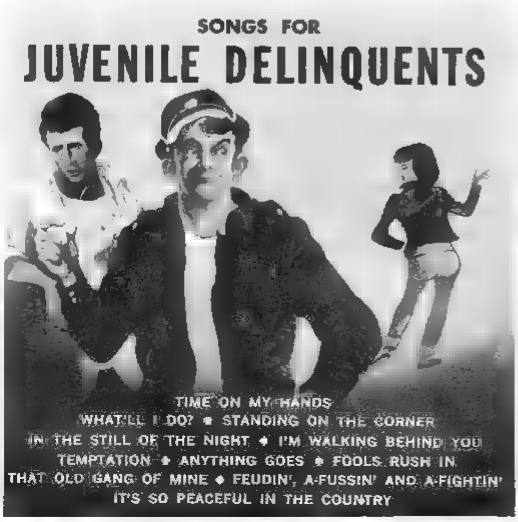


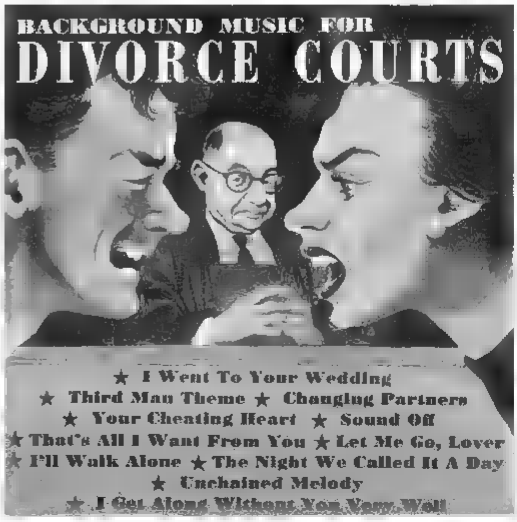
BECAUSE OF THIS, HE DIED BROKE.

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD DEPT.

It all started with Jackie Gleason's LP "Music For Lovers Only." Now it looks like this latest trend in record albums . . . mainly these collections of songs for special people or special occasions or special purposes . . . is going a little too far. Before you know it, you'll be seeing things like these record albums of . . .

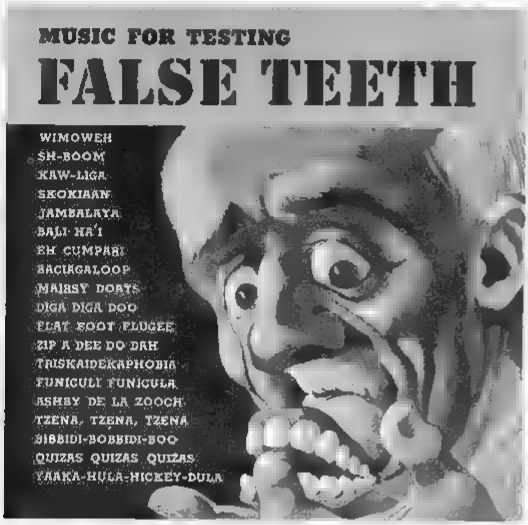






Mad Mood Music

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

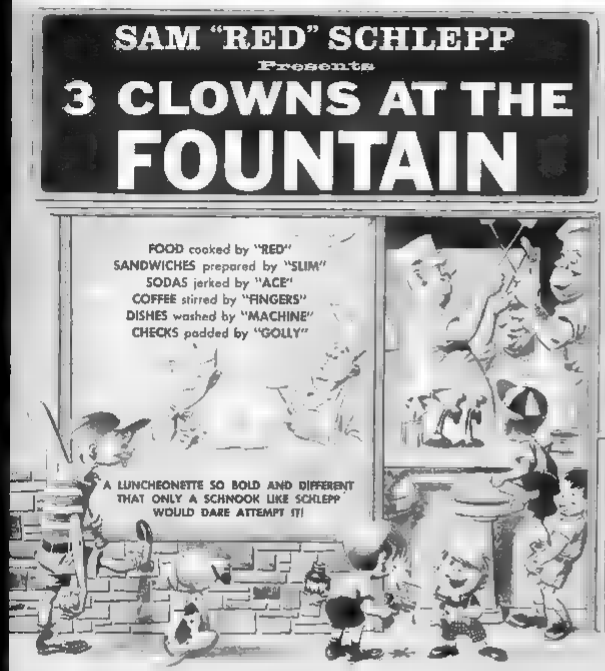


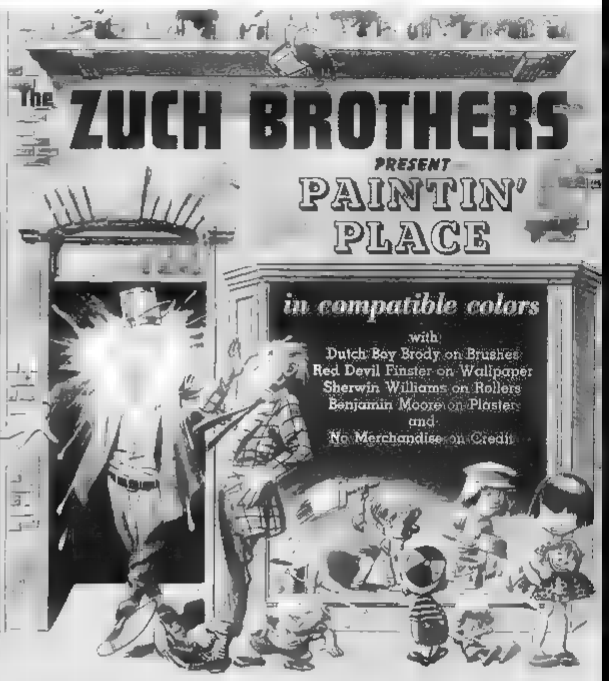
"Has-Been Crooners went to Rooty Valley

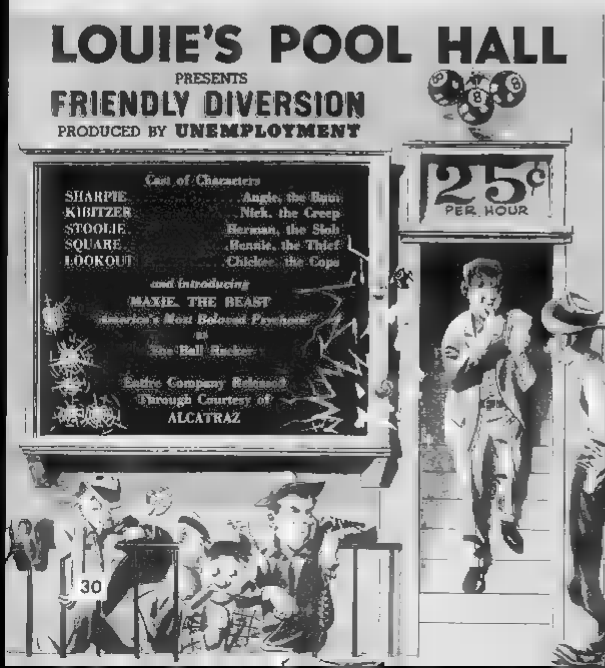
HONORABLE MENTION DEPT.

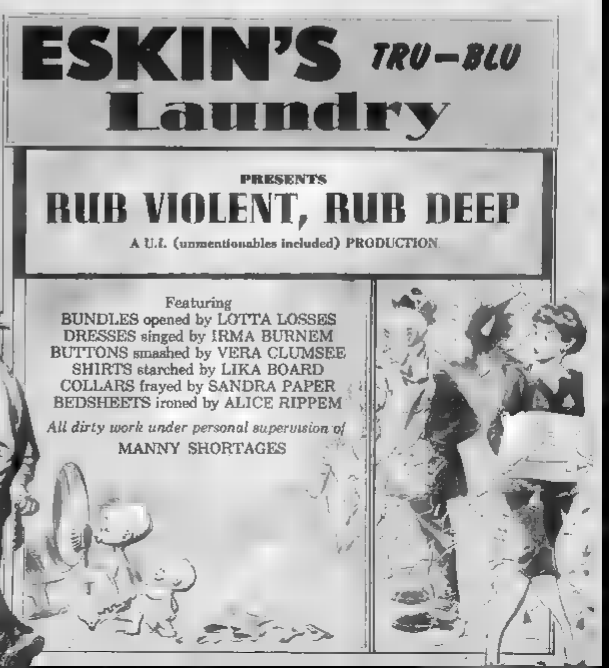
Out in Hollywood, they give screen credits for every little contribution to a picture, so the whole world knows who did what. Meanwhile, clods like us never get any credits at all, so we remain obscure all of our lives. With this article, MAD initiates a campaign to end this great injustice. What *we'd* like to see are signs posted in every neighborhood store, so nobody goes unnoticed, and everybody gets to read these . . .

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

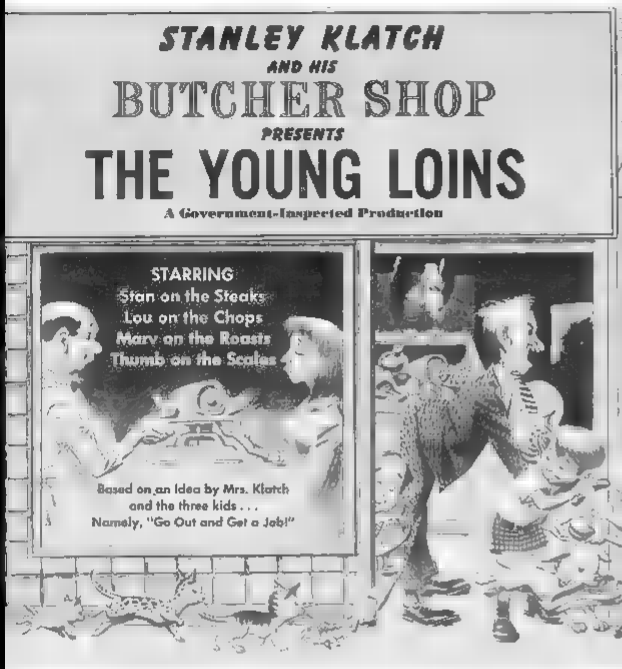


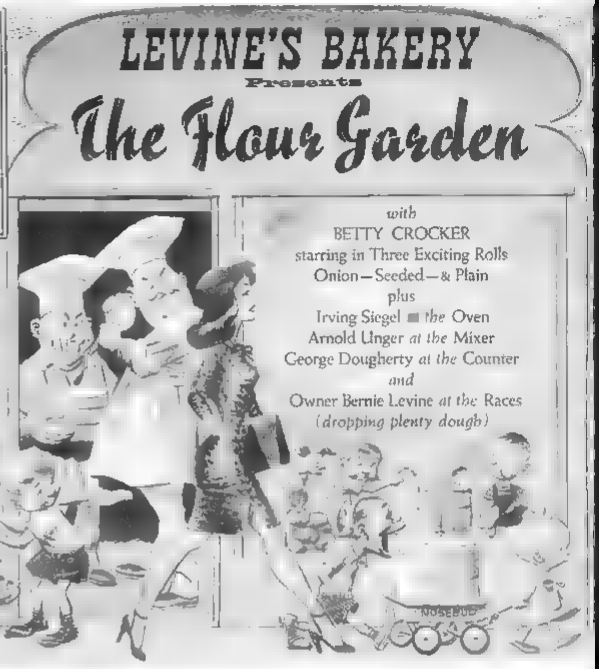


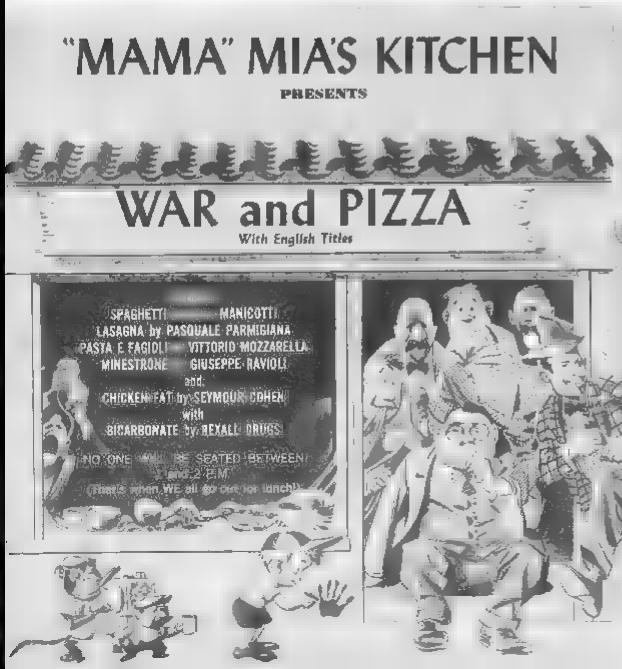


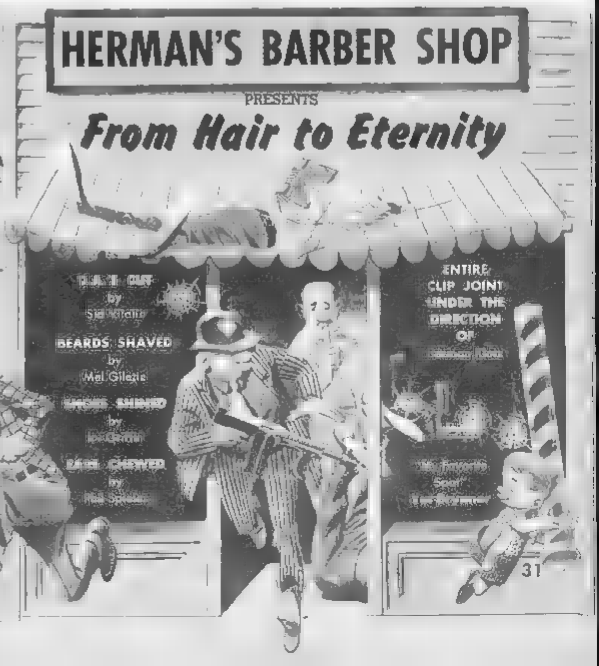


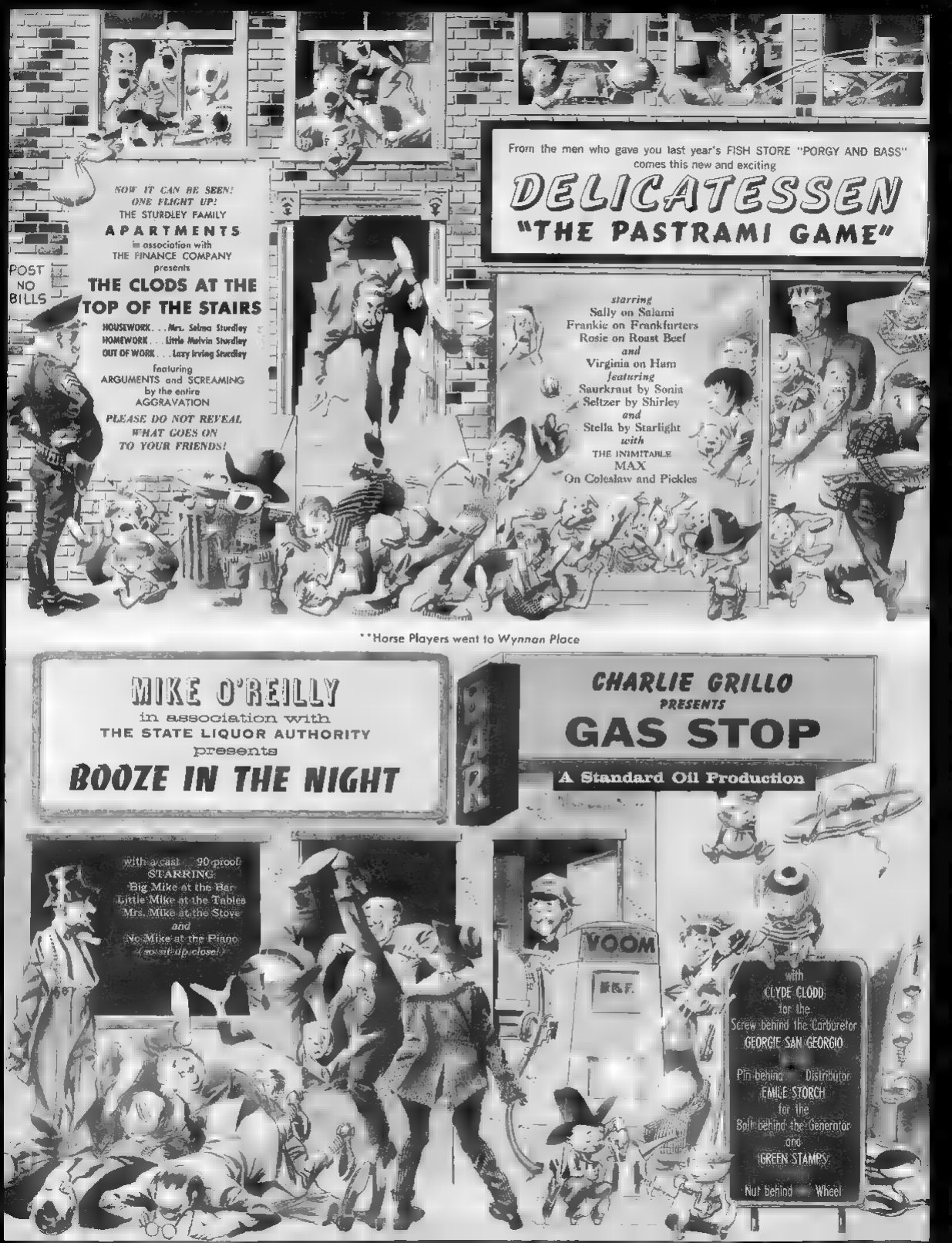
Credits For The Common Man










NOW IT CAN BE SEEN!
ONE FLIGHT UP!
THE STURDLEY FAMILY
APARTMENTS
in association with
THE FINANCE COMPANY
presents
THE CLODS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
HOUSEWORK . . . Mrs. Selma Sturdley
HOMEWORK . . . Little Melvin Sturdley
OUT OF WORK . . . Lazy Irving Sturdley
featuring
ARGUMENTS and SCREAMING
by the entire
AGGRAVATION
PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL
WHAT GOES ON
TO YOUR FRIENDS!
POST NO BILLS
From the men who gave you last year's FISH STORE "PORGY AND BASS"
comes this new and exciting
DELICATESSEN
"THE PASTRAMI GAME"
starring
Sally on Salami
Frankie on Frankfurters
Rosie on Roast Beef
and
Virginia on Ham
featuring
Saurkraut by Sonia
Seltzer by Shirley
and
Stella by Starlight
with
THE INIMITABLE
MAX
On Coleslaw and Pickles
**Horse Players went to Wynnan Place
MIKE O'REILLY
in association with
THE STATE LIQUOR AUTHORITY
presents
BOOZE IN THE NIGHT
with a cast 90 proof
STARRING
Big Mike at the Bar
Little Mike at the Tables
Mrs. Mike at the Stove
and
No Mike at the Piano
(so sit up close!)
BAR
CHARLIE GRILLO
PRESENTS
GAS STOP
A Standard Oil Production
VOOM
B&F
with
CLYDE CLODD
for the
Screw behind the Carburetor
GEORGIE SAN GEORGIO
Pin behind Distributor
EMILE STORCH
for the
Bolt behind the Generator
and
GREEN STAMPS
Nut behind Wheel

Of course, once "Credits for the Common Man" becomes common practice, the "ham" in people will start coming out, and they won't be satisfied with their plain old common names. They'll want glamorous names like Tab Hunter or Rock Hudson or Rip Torn. We at MAD figure the next step should be for everybody to change his name to fit his work. F'rinstance, here are examples of

PROFESSIONAL NAMES FOR THE COMMON MAN

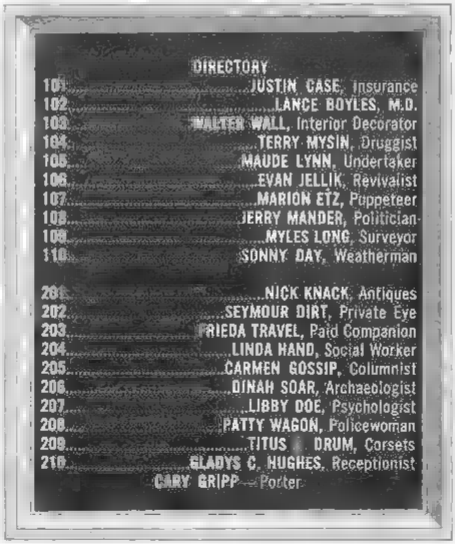
LOIS D. NOMINATOR
Arithmetic Teacher

CURT MANNERS
Bus Driver

PHYLLIS GLASS
Bar Maid

MARLON SPYKE
Sailor

AL LACART
Waiter



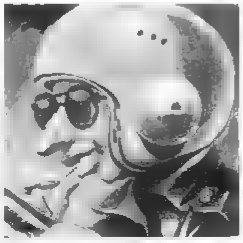
DIRECTORY
101 ....JUSTIN CASE, Insurance
102 ....LANCE BOYLES, M.D.
103 ....WALTER WALL, Interior Decorator
104 ....TERRY MYSIN, Druggist
105 ....MAUDE LYNN, Undertaker
106 ....EVAN JELLIK, Revivalist
107 ....MARION ETZ, Puppeteer
108 ....JERRY MANDER, Politician
109 ....MYLES LONG, Surveyor
110 ....SONNY DAY, Weatherman

201 ....NICK KNACK, Antiques
202 ....SEYMOUR DIRT, Private Eye
203 ....FRIEDA TRAVEL, Paid Companion
204 ....LINDA HAND, Social Worker
205 ....CARMEN GOSSIP, Columnist
206 ....DINAH SOAR, Archaeologist
207 ....LIBBY DOE, Psychologist
208 ....PATTY WAGON, Policewoman
209 ....TITUS DRUM, Corsets
210 ....GLADYS C. HUGHES, Receptionist
CARY GRIPP — Porter

MARK CARDS
Gambler

PHIL R. UPP
Gas Station Attendant

STEVE ADORE
Longshoreman



REX KARZ
Parking Lot Attendant

NOAH COUNT
Vagrant

JEAN ANN TONIC
Bar Fly

SKIP TOWN
Embezzler

BOB

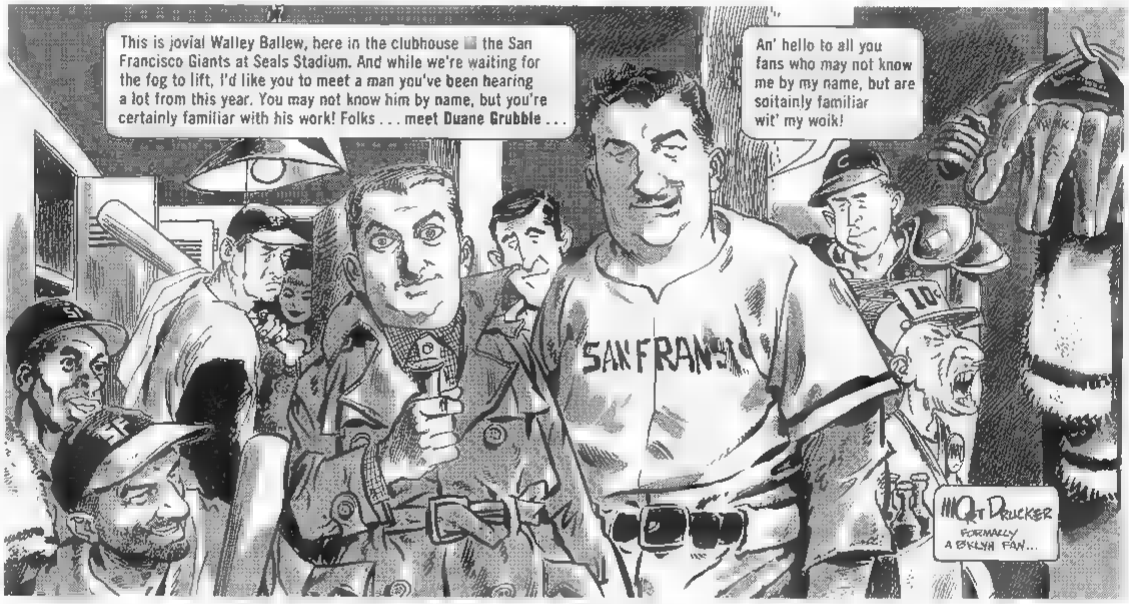
BOB & RAY DEPT.

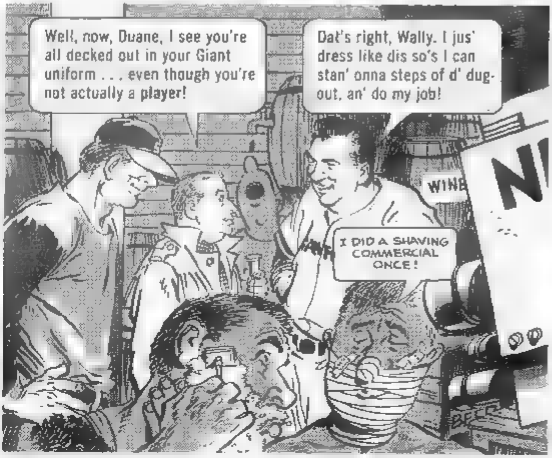
With the Major League races coming down to the wires, we've asked Bob and Ray's ace roving reporter, Wally Ballew, to cover a little-known facet of our great National Game. So, if you're ready, come in Walley Ballew, with your exclusive . . .

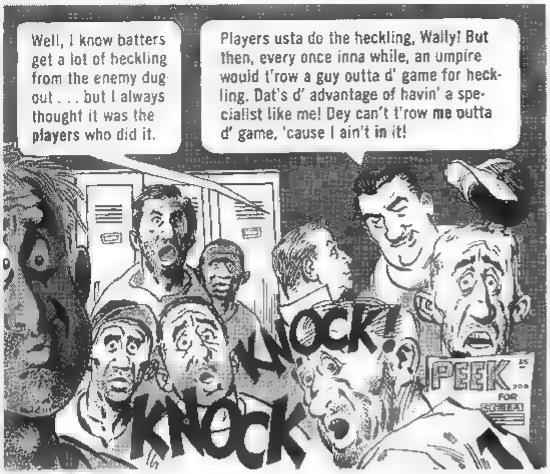
RAY

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER

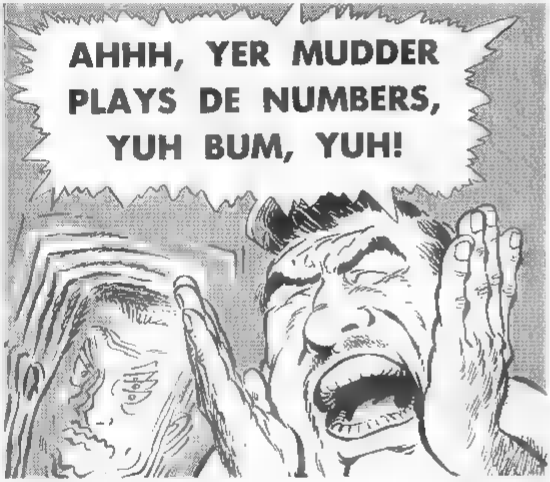
BASEBALL REPORT

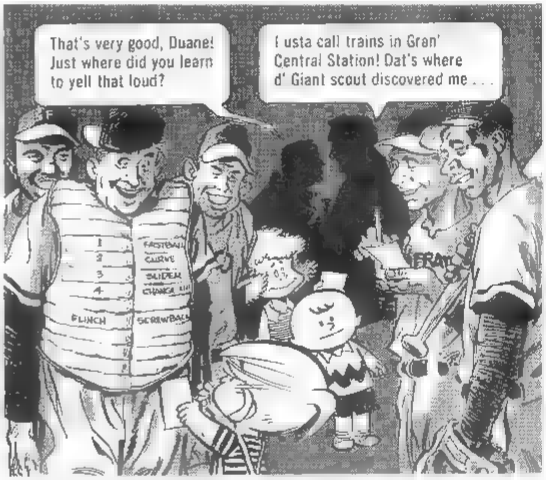


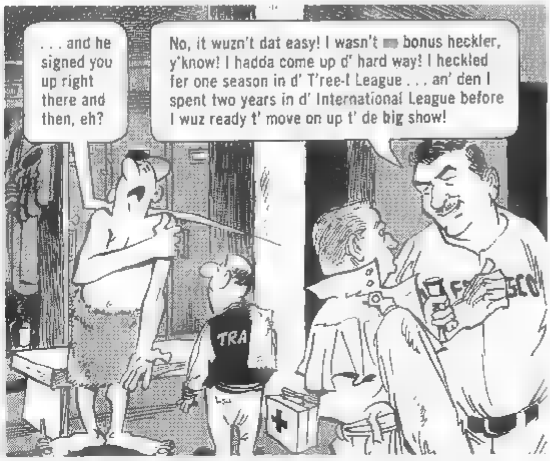


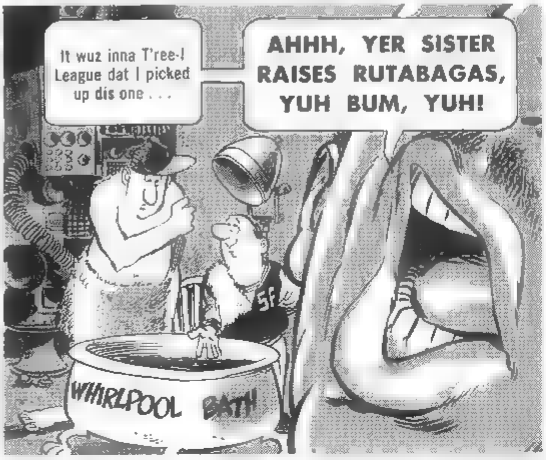

Well, I know batters get a lot of heckling from the enemy dug out . . . but I always thought it was the players who did it.
Players usta do the heckling, Wally! But then, every once inna while, an umpire would t'row a guy outta d' game for heckling. Dat's d' advantage of havin' a specialist like me! Dey can't t'row me outta d' game, 'cause I ain't in it!
KNOCK!
KNOCK
PEEK

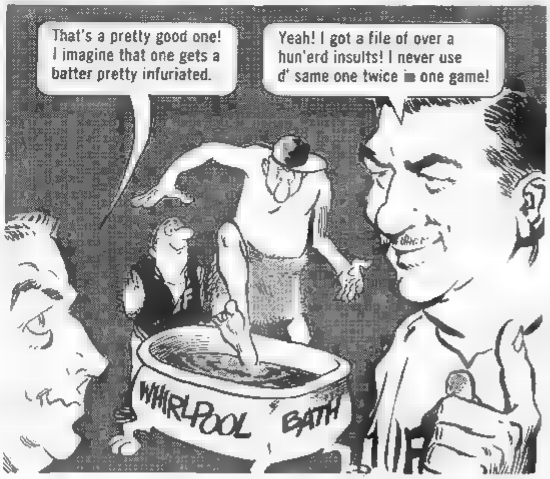
Sounds like a fool-proof system, all right! And I'm sure that now a lot of fans out there remember seeing you in action . . .
. . . onny from d' gran'stand, dey probably cou'n't hear what I wuz yellin'! How 'bout I give yuh a sample?

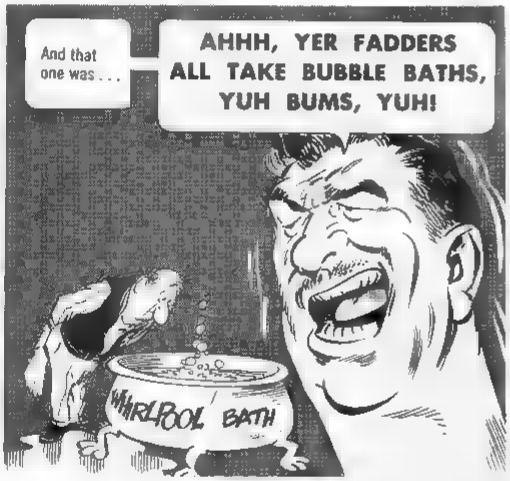

AHHH, YER MUDDER PLAYS DE NUMBERS, YUH BUM, YUH!

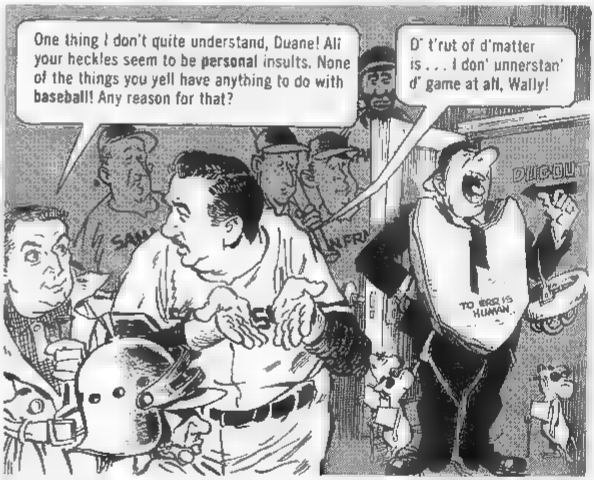

That's very good, Duane! Just where did you learn to yell that loud?
I usta call trains in Gran' Central Station! Dat's where d' Giant scout discovered me . . .
FASTBALL
CURVE
SLIDER
CHANGE UP
FLINCH
SCREWBALL


. . . and he signed you up right there and then, eh?
No, it wuzn't dat easy! I wasn't a bonus heckler, y'know! I hadda come up d' hard way! I heckled fer one season in d' T'ree-I League . . . an' den I spent two years in d' International League before I wuz ready t' move on up t' de big show!

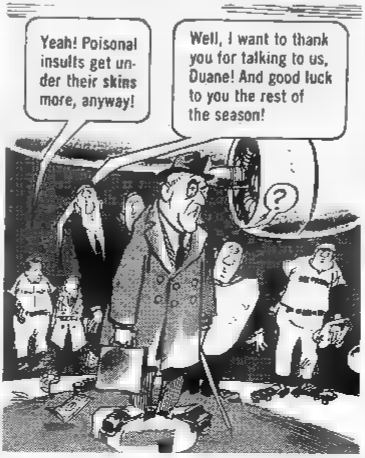

It wuz inna T'ree-I League dat I picked up dis one . . .
AHHH, YER SISTER RAISES RUTABAGAS, YUH BUM, YUH!
WHIRLPOOL BATH

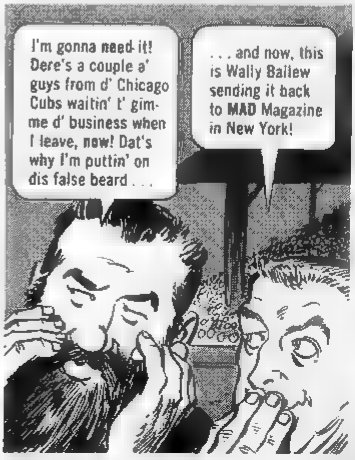






**Nurses went to the *Pan Handle*

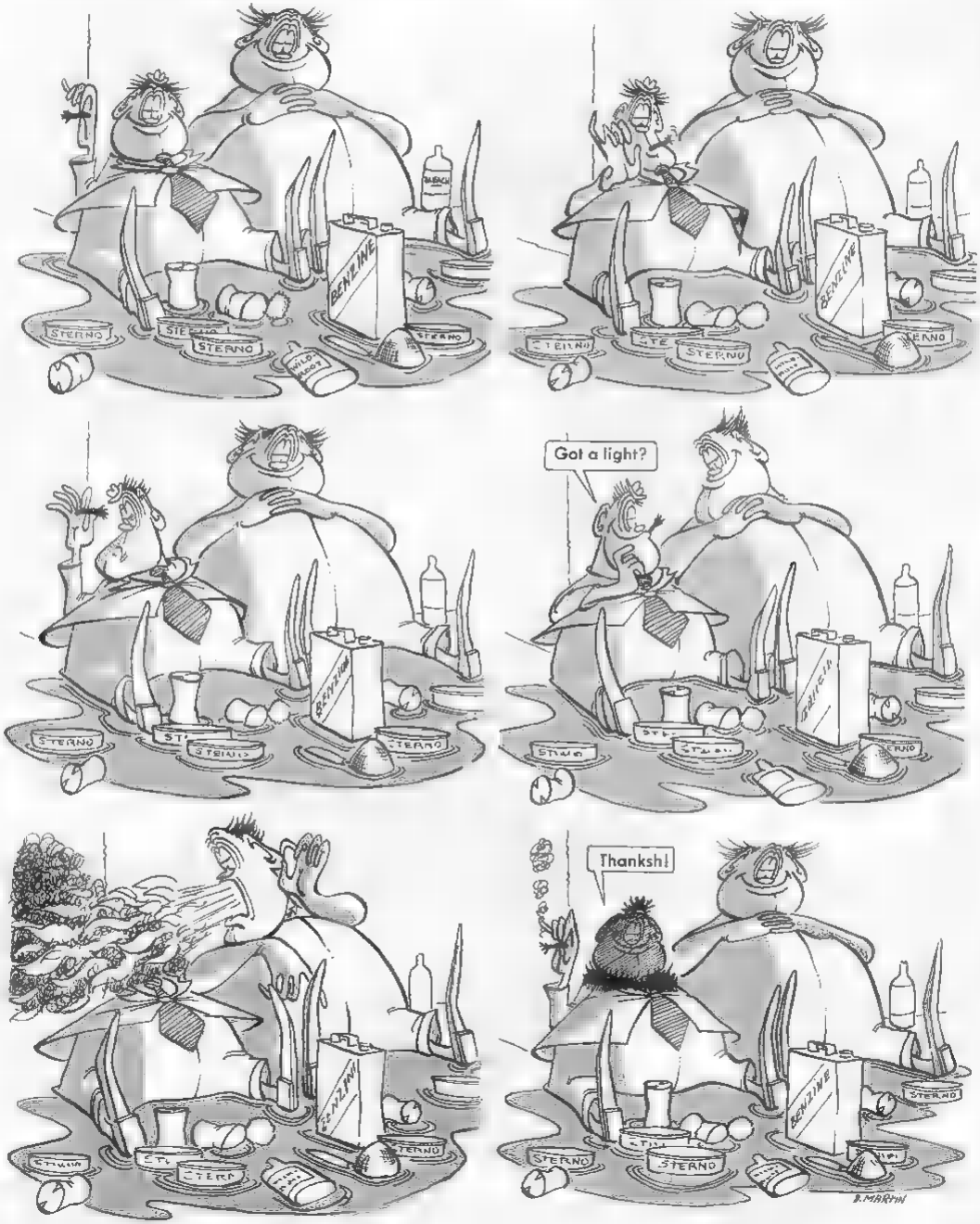




**Diplomats went to *Part Folio*

Time once again for Don Martin, his volatile humor, and a MAD tale based on his personal experiences . . .

On The Bowery

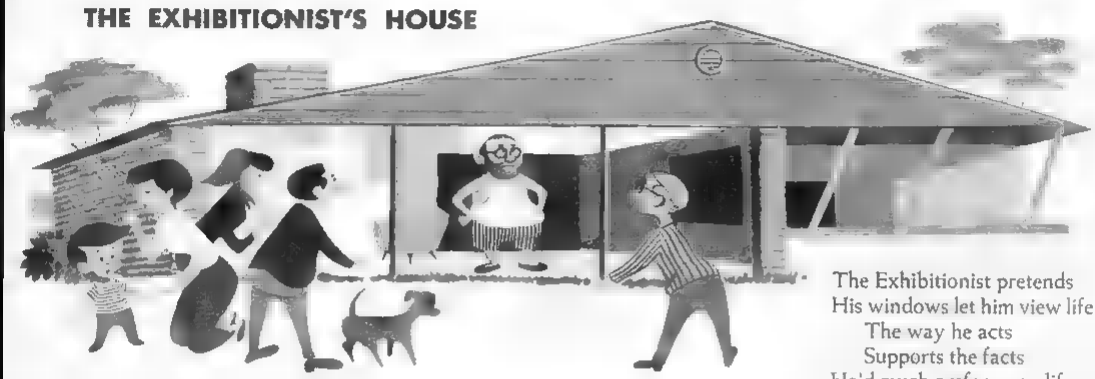


FRAME OF MIND DEPT.

You know why most people are unhappy these days? Conformity! Take houses, f'rinstance. Wherever you go, you see rows and rows of houses that all look the same. Today, everybody has to live like everybody else. And this makes most people unhappy because way

HOUSES TO MATCH

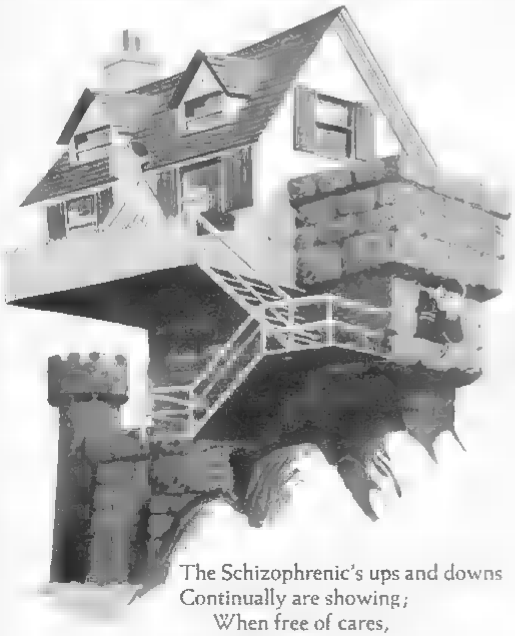
THE EXHIBITIONIST'S HOUSE



The Exhibitionist pretends
His windows let him view life;
The way he acts
Supports the facts
He'd much prefer a zoo life.

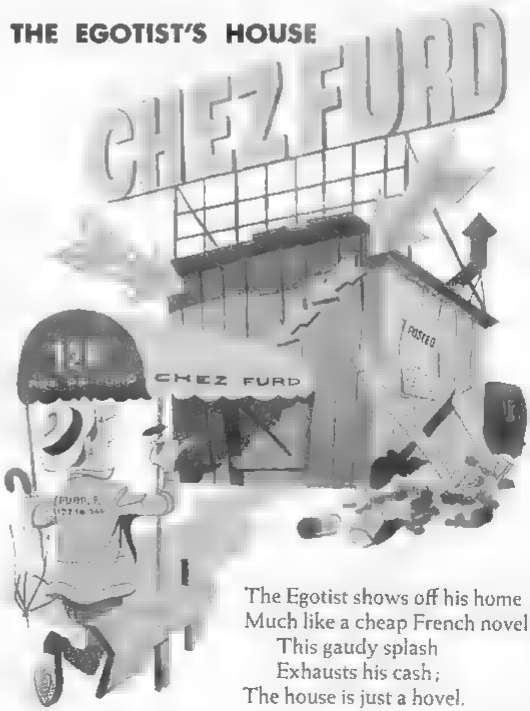
PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

THE SCHIZOPHRENIC'S HOUSE



The Schizophrenic's ups and downs
Continually are showing;
When free of cares,
He lives upstairs;
When blue, he's in the low wing.

THE EGOTIST'S HOUSE

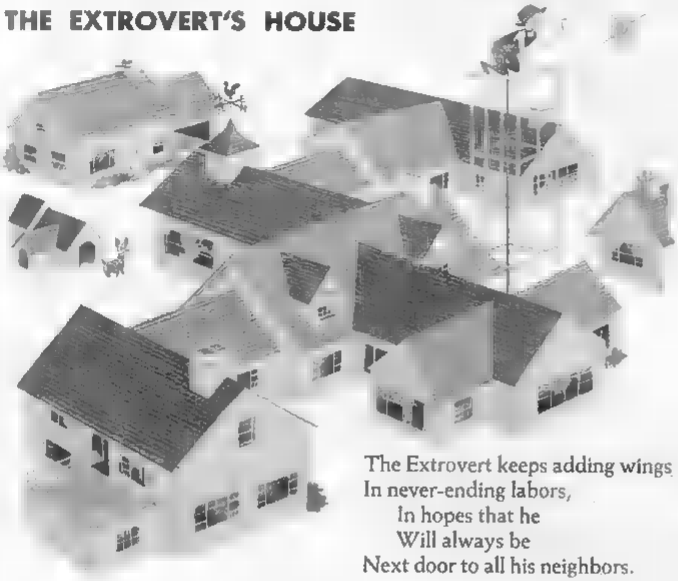


The Egotist shows off his home
Much like a cheap French novel;
This gaudy splash
Exhausts his cash;
The house is just a hovel.

down deep they don't want to conform! They want to be individuals! They want to show their true character! Since you are one of these people (you wouldn't be reading MAD if you weren't!) we've got the solution. All you have to do is build one of these . . .

YOUR PERSONALITY

THE EXTROVERT'S HOUSE

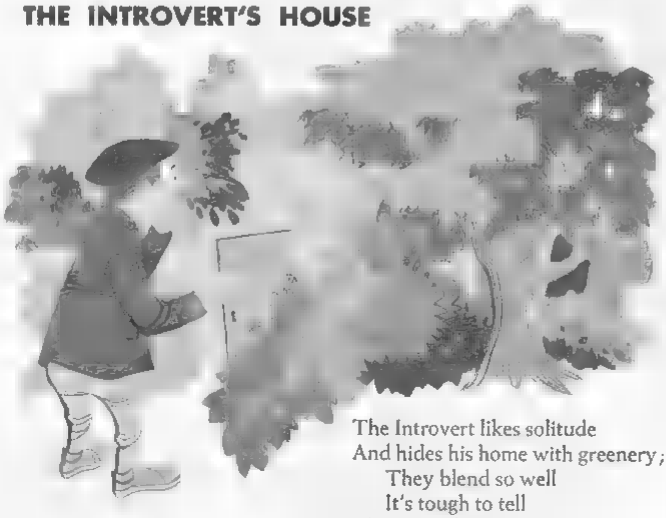


The Extrovert keeps adding wings
In never-ending labors,
In hopes that he
Will always be
Next door to all his neighbors.

THE IDEALIST'S HOUSE

Idealists know their ivory towers
Are doomed to fall to pieces;
And yet despite
This woeful plight,
They always sign long leases.

THE INTROVERT'S HOUSE



The Introvert likes solitude
And hides his home with greenery;
They blend so well
It's tough to tell
The house from all the scenery.

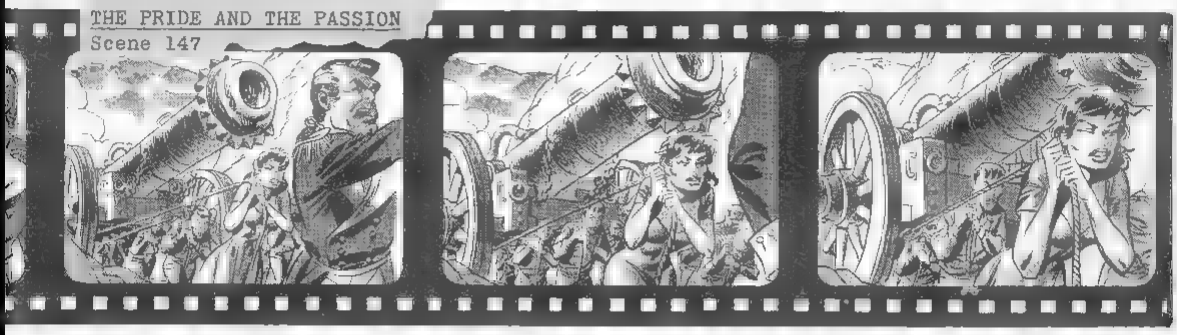
**Gossip Columnists went to *Villa Fye*

THE PHASE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR DEPT.

There's a lot more to a motion picture than meets the eye. Most of it meets the floor! The cutting-room floor! Yes, a film editor can make or break a Hollywood epic just by what he cuts out. For example, rummaging through some of

SCENES WE NEVER

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



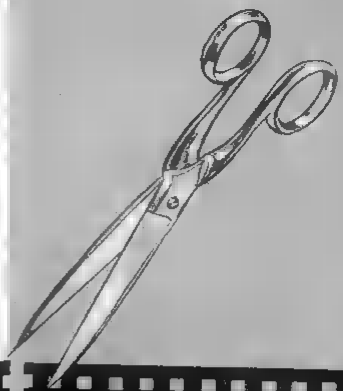
When the camera closed in on Frank Sinatra and that fabulous cannon, a wary film editor

The big scene in this picture with William Holden and Kim Novak had to be cut short when

The last part of this love scene between Sophia Loren and Alan Ladd never hit the screen

the most respectable garbage cans in "Filmland", we came across discarded scraps of celluloid containing these . . .

GOT TO SEE



preserved the illusion that it had been constructed at . . .

. . . great expense?

it was proven graphically that a picnic is no picnic . . .

. . . without them ants!

because the rising tide exposed daring, brave Alan as . . .

. . . no man to look up to!

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
Scene 68

We wonder how many guys would have wished they were Burt Lancaster in that scene when he

BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
Scene 219

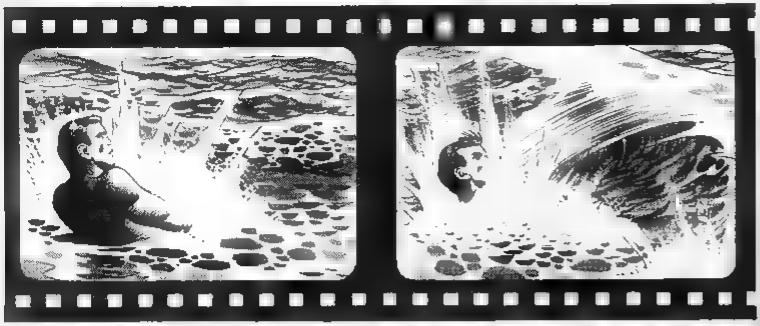
They say it's all in a days work for actors to be subjected to danger. And if this scene

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
Scene 5389

Never one to pinch pennies, Cecil B. DeMille still winced when they had to lop thousands

BRIGITTE BARDOT'S LAST TEN PICTURES
Any Scene You Care To Mention

Now, the French film editor works a little differently. Take this scene when Brigitte



made love to Deborah Kerr on the beach, if they'd known . . .

. . . something was fishy!

hadn't been cut, we would have observed Bill Holden's . . .

. . . occupational hazard!

of dollars of footage from scene showing the "Exodus". . .

. . . from Ancient Egypt?

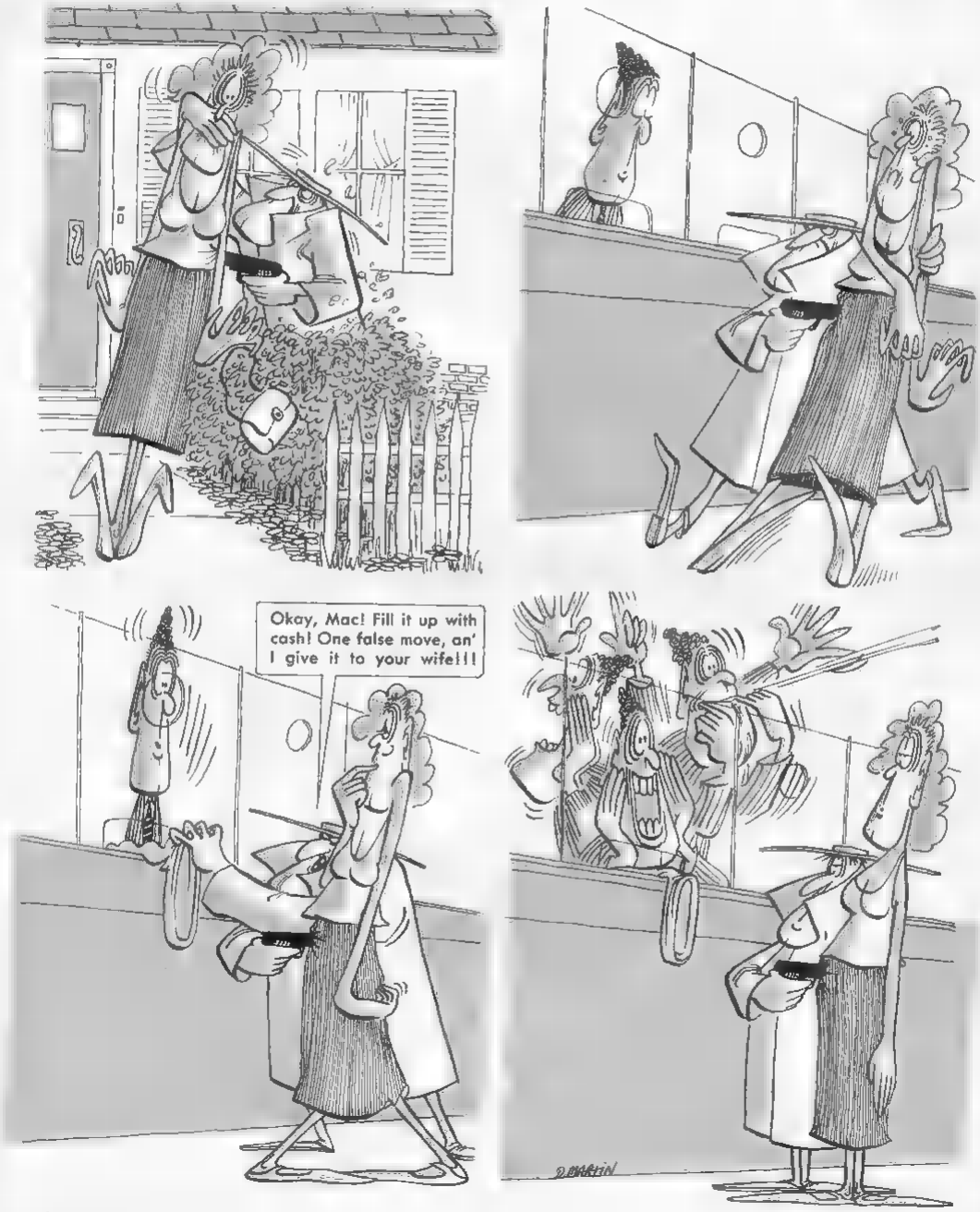
Bardot figured ■ bathrobe would dress things up a bit . . .

. . . VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

And now, for a parting shot by Don Martin, here's a MAD tale calculated to steel your nerves and steal your heart . . . .

The Great Bank Robbery



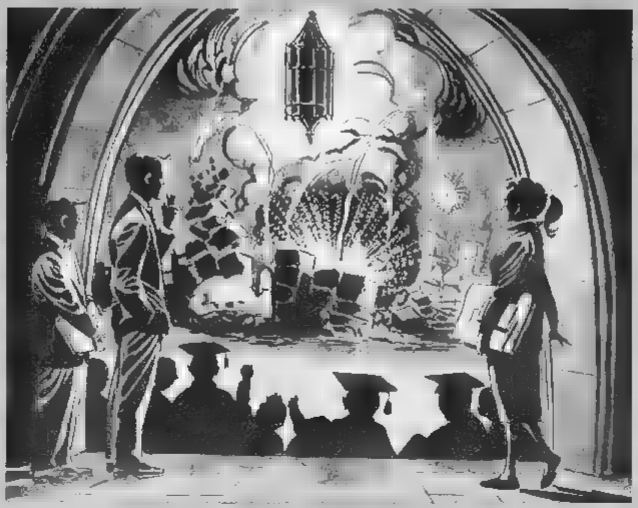
**Fugitives went to *Stillat Lodge*

COLLEGE CATALOG DEPT.

Since the recent announcement of the founding of Alfred E. Neuman University, we have been snowed under by mail (It was only three letters and a postcard, but we have a midget letter-carrier who snows under easy!) from High School students who plan to go on to college, but have no desire to continue their education. In answer to these requests, The Board of Trustee now brings you . . .

BULLETIN of ALFRED E. NEUMAN UNIVERSITY 1958-1959

Day, Evening and Cutting Classes



OLD NORTH HALL

Located at the south end of A.E.N.U.'s campus, this charming edifice once housed the best-equipped Chemistry Lab in the U.S.

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO

So, before you decide on which college you're going to attend, turn MAD sideways like this, see what Alfred E. Neuman University has to offer, and go someplace else.

** Football Players went to *Forewood Pass*

GENERAL INFORMATION

REQUIREMENTS FOR DEGREE

In the field of liberal arts, the student may work toward a Bachelor of Arts degree (B.A.), a Messer in Anthropology degree (M.A.), or a Putterer in the History of Denmark degree (Ph. D.).

To qualify for the B.A. degree, the student must have completed 120 trimestral units of work, with the trimestral unit consisting of ⅔ of a quarter hour, or .86 of a semester hour, except in the field of foreign languages where two years of German are required for all Pre-Embalming students, unless such work shall already have been completed prior to the Spring Semester of 1955, and except in the Graduate School where 90 trimestral units may be submitted to the Board of Trustee just for kicks.

There are absolutely no exceptions to this rule, unless a student is attending under terms of the G.I. Bill, and he don't have to unless he wants to.

Notice of intention to file for a degree must be made at the Registrar's Office not later than the third Monday of the second previous month following the end of last semester, unless such Monday shall fall on a week-end.

TUITION

Each student will be billed at his (unless he's a her) dormitory during the first week of the semester. Students are urged not to expect to get off easy.

COLLEGE OF GRADUATE STUDY

We don't have one of them.

OUT OF STATE STUDENTS

Student residing out of this state will not be permitted to incur illness while they are in temporary residence on campus. For this reason, the Student Health Fee for out-of-state undergraduates shall be applied instead to the purchase of pinochle cards for the Faculty Lounge.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION

ANTHROPOLOGY

B-119. Melanesian Frog Worship. 3 hours credit. Mr. Umbala.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 116. Empty Hall.

A survey course designed to show the beginning student just how ridiculous anthropology really is. Lab sessions concentrate on ceremonial incense burning, offering of human sacrifices, and appeasement of the great god, UUaauu. Demonstration of fertility rites banned this semester by police order.

C-254. Cottoning up to Pygmies. 2 hours credit. Mr. Umfumkau

10:30 T—Th. Furnace Room. Pall Hall.

An invaluable course for would-be anthropologists who are planning to do advanced work among these nasty little people. Lectures and reading deal with getting used to pygmy smell, how to laugh off being burned at the stake, what to do while waiting for the witch doctor to come, etc.

BOTANY

B-124. The Sweet William: Friend or Foe? 1 hour credit. Sweet William Gruber, M.S.

9:30—S Hogan's Lot.

Practical information for students intending to make the Sweet William their life's work. Also recommended for clods, since the course consists of nothing but pulling the petals off flowers.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

A-107. Principles of Bankruptcy. 2½ hours credit. Mr. Mellon.

10:30 M—W—F. Suit 934. Mellon Investment Trust.

A thorough survey of fly-by-night operations. How to fold gracefully. How to shake creditors. Where to hide. How to keep drawing your salary when there is no money left.

B-226. Looking Busy in the Modern Office. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Goldbrick.

11:30 T—Th—S. Revolving door of Teztlaff Hall.

Required of all students enrolled in the Junior Executive program. Course concentrates on pencil-sharpening, secretary-pinching, desk-drawer-rummaging, staring out the window, fingernail-filing, and how to look like you're working while recovering from a hangover.

C-303. Juggling the Books for Fun and Profit. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Procter.

10:30 M—F. Belmont Park.

Dr. Procter joins the Neuman faculty this term after a number of years at Ossining, N. Y. He brings with him a fund of knowledge on how to keep that second set of books, where to hide when the auditors come, and how to agree to make restitution and then not do it.

ENGLISH

A-127. How to Rede and Spel Gud. 4 Hours Credit. Dr. Webster.

8:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 327. Hira Hall.

A remedial course for students who weren't listening in grammar school. Class members learn to write their names, and phrase simple telegrams sending home for money.

B-387. Plagiarism. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Berle.

10:30 T—Th. Room 2397. Back Hall.

Required of all students planning to take Television Writing. Includes such well known lectures as "To Lift or Not to Lift", "What to Do Till the Copyright Expires," "Convincing the Jury You Naturally Think Like Goodman Ace," etc.

C-202. The Writings of Melvin Coznowfsky. Credit where credit is due. Mrs. Coznowfsky.

1:30 M—T—Th—F. Room 6. Upstairs Hall.

Open only to students who have had the prerequisite course B-197, "Deciphering Melvin Coznowfsky's Handwriting." This course deals with Mr. Coznowfsky's letters written home from overseas during the war, his post-war grocery lists, and unsigned poison-pen letters mailed to various draft boards, internal revenue offices, etc.

Medical students prepare to perform autopsy at Cowznofski Memorial Hospital.

Liberal regulations allow Neuman co-eds to take part in off-campus activities.

FRENCH

B-327. Racy French Novels. No credit, but well worthwhile. Miss LaRue.

10:30 M—W—F. Room 238. Andthatisnt Hall.

Designed primarily for students who have an hour open with nothing better to do before lunch. Prerequisite is Biology C-546.

JOURNALISM

A-206. Introduction to Advertising Agency Thinking. 3 Hours Credit. Mr. Batten, Mr. Barton, Mr. Durstine and Mr. Tanakawa.

10:30 M—W—F. Conference Room. B.B.D. & T. Office.

This course is designed to acquaint the advertising student with the necessity of not thinking for himself. Seminar sessions will be held in talking off the top of the head, shooting ideas into space to see if they orbit, and tossing commercial copy on the floor to walk around it.

B-404. Account Executivesmanship. 1 Hour Credit. Mr. Blathersfield.

9:30 Th. First Tee. Neuman Country Club.

Formerly offered as B-403, "Expense Account Padding," this course has now been expanded to cover such fields as the sweeping statement, the garbled non-sequitur, martini consumption, and the hollow laugh.

"Sophomore Frolics" variety show always draws full house at Furd Auditorium.

KLEFTNOBULISM

A-102. Introduction to Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Unversaw.

8:30 M—W—F. Room 327. Tammany Hall.

Required of all students planning to major in kleftnobulism. Covers such basic subjects as the validation of the grommet, the need for spring action, the preparation of the hornslip, and the final adjustments before doing the thing itself.

B-216. Intermediate Kleftnobulism. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Flang.

9:30 T—Th. Room 414. Downthe Hall.

A continuation of A-102. In this course, the students actually do it under close faculty supervision. Part of the semester also is devoted to cleaning up the debris afterward.

C-338. Advanced Kleftnobulism. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Hunchberg.

1:30 M—W—F. Room 2. Hallowed Hall.

Open only to graduate students who are no longer just horsing around with this thing. Course features independent study of the Feinblatt factor, and crazy theories of the instructor.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

C-302. Canoe Paddling. 3 Hours Credit. Mr. Laughing Bear.

9:30 T—Th—S. Mud Lake.

For advanced students who already have completed B-107, "Ukelele Strumming." Course covers paddling down waterfalls, mending ripped bottoms, losing the oars overboard, and drifting with the current up a moonlit stream.

D-238. Underwater Breathing. Two hours credit. Mr. Bass.

8:30 T—Th. Bottom of Mud Lake.

Open to physical education majors who can't seem to learn to swim, this course covers sinking, deep wading, new lung habits, and drowning. Not recommended for students with future plans of any kind.

A-103. Necking. No credit, but oh boy. Mr. Flynn and Miss LaTesh.

10:30 P.M. M—T—W—Th—F—S. Just off State Highway 16.

Required of all freshmen planning to enroll in B-110, "Drive-In Theater Tactics" during the spring semester. This course covers the basic formations of the back seat offensive, one-arm driving, various simple holds, and what to do when the police turn on their spotlight.

PSYCHOLOGY

B-234. Loony Behavior. 2 Hours Credit. Dr. Pavlov.

11:30 T—Th. Room 116. Outinthe Hall.

Basically designed to help students (who are now considered a little odd) go over the top. Lecture periods include instruction in nose whistling, development of facial tics, unprovoked shrieking and saliva bubbling.

ZOOLOGY

C-328. Bone Structure of the Ibex. 3 Hours Credit. Dr. Glfkx.

12:30 M—W—F. Room 309. Drafty Hall.

This is the last year we're offering this course, unless somebody takes it.

Science scores again as another experiment succeeds in the biology laboratory.

YOU'LL BE A "HORROR" IN A
MAD T-SHIRT

Featuring MAD's "What . . . Me Worry?" Kid*

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I want to be a horror, which is only natural 'cause my mummy says I'm one anyhow! Rush me my MAD T-SHIRT(S). I enclose $1.25 for each shirt and I have carefully filled in my size.

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BOYS & GIRLS					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
24"– 27"	BS	27"–31"	BM	31"–34"	BL

MEN & WOMEN					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
34"–37"	MS	37"–41"	MM	41"–44"	ML

Does she...or doesn't she
...ever go out with fellows her own age?

Why only young boys? Only her psychiatrist knows for sure!

You can clearly see that this girl has lots of problems. Just one look at her obviously dyed hair is a good indication. Now, if she wants to dye her hair to attract attention, that's *her* business. But this compulsion she has for running around with young boys instead of men her own age—that's our business! Mainly, we can help her avoid embarrassment until she's worked this problem out with her analyst. All she has to do is buy a Miss Clairold Date-Ager Kit. With Miss Clairold, it takes *only minutes* to add those grey streaks to his temples, those little bags under his eyes, that five-o-clock shadow, that moustache,—all the other little things that will make him look as old as she is. And, when you think about it, why *should* you suffer one more day of embarrassment if you have a problem like this girl! Try a Miss Clairold Date-Ager Kit on that boy in your life—*today!* Then, all you'll have to do is figure out how to stretch him so it don't look like you're out with an old midget!

MISS CLAIROLD® DATE-AGER KIT

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